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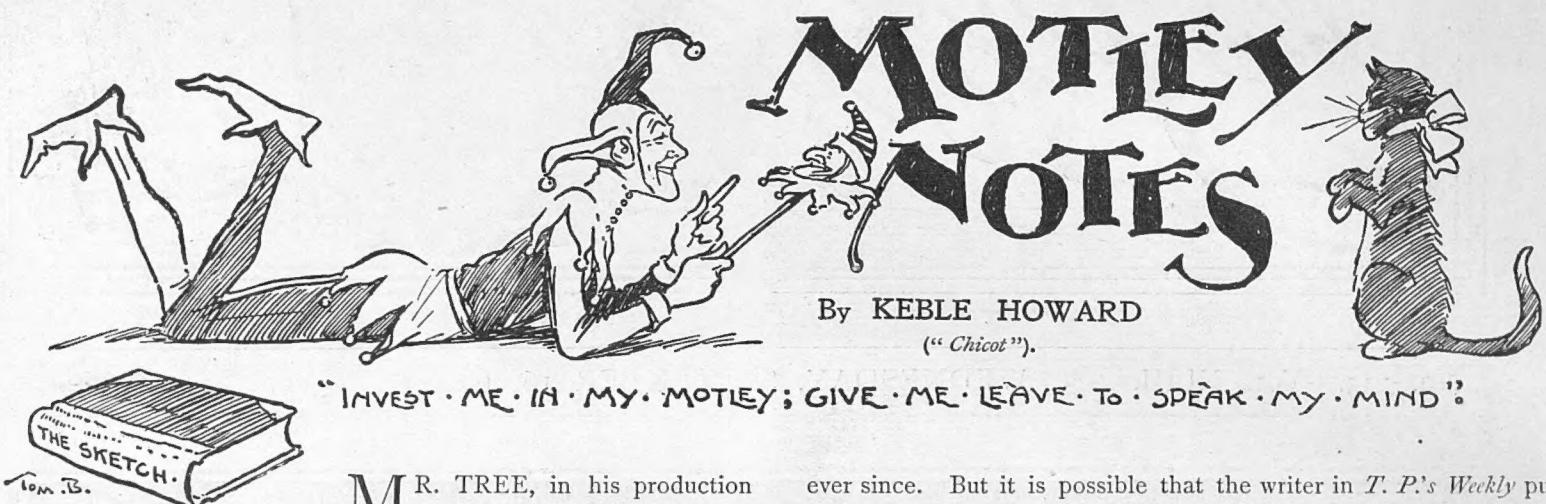
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



OUR FUTURE KING: A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

*Taken by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*



M R. TREE, in his production of "King Richard II.," has not allowed himself a chance of failure. In addition to the finest pictorial display to be seen in London, he offers to the public an interpretation of a drama by an author of established reputation, and, at least, four individual performances of merit. The only fault that one can find with this entertainment is on the score of quantity, and that, bless the dear public, is a fault on the right side. On the first-night of the revival, Mr. Oscar Asche strengthened his part by introducing some novel business with a restive horse. The incident found immense favour with the large audience, but has since been cut in order to avoid any suggestion of over-elaboration. Seriously speaking, though, the accident was a very nasty one, and the greatest credit is due to Mr. Asche for the cool way in which he picked himself up and delivered his final speech. The concluding lines, as it happened, were singularly appropriate—

"Where'er I wander, boast of this I can—  
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman."

Small wonder that the hearts of the gallery-girls went out to the bruised warrior, as he stood in front of the curtain dusting his golden armour to the music of tumultuous applause.

The current number of the *Spectator*—a journal that every self-respecting schoolmaster spreads across his chest before he drops into his Sabbatarian slumber—contains a somewhat petulant article entitled "Fools!" The writer of the article, who would have been instantly beheaded had he dared to invest himself in motley in the Middle Ages, is particularly peevish on the subject of literary fools. "A great licence," he frets, "is allowed them in accordance with motley traditions. Current morality is an easy butt, and sometimes they say things which would not be permissible, even in an age so little strait-laced as the present, except to a professional fool." The ingenuousness of the plaint is quite touching, and I feel half-inclined to discard, from this time forth, my motley, and to serve up my little commonplaces without the adventitious aid of wagging bauble or jingling bells. "Lately," this stern critic continues, "the world has become a little too prodigal of its flattery to such as these, who should certainly be enjoyed with economy." Ah, my dear, anonymous friend, don't grudge us the scraps that fall from the table of the highly cultured! The need of sober approval will always be yours; may we not glean the tribute of careless laughter? Even a fool, you know, cannot wax grossly fat on flattery.

Talking of fools, I observe that the writer of those interesting "Savoir-Faire Papers" in *T.P.'s Weekly* has boldly undertaken to write a series of articles for the benefit of "the multitudes of men who are continually coming to London, alone and somewhat ignorant, to make their way, and who succeed during the first year or two only in making fools of themselves." The subject is a fascinating one, and I am sure the articles will be of the greatest value to young men in the provinces who intend to throw in their lot with the rest of us in the Metropolis. But I am not prepared to admit that the very worst thing a young man can do on coming to London is to make a fool of himself. For my own part, I remember with a shudder the dreary months I spent in London before I was able to make a fool of myself. The Metropolis, you see, took me seriously, but not half so seriously as I took the Metropolis. Once, indeed, I fairly turned tail and fled, but I came back, succeeded in making a fool of myself, and have been doing it

ever since. But it is possible that the writer in *T.P.'s Weekly* puts a different construction on the term "fool." In that case, I doff my cap to him and ask his pardon. My mind, you will understand, is still running on that anonymous scolding in the *Spectator*.

In the same issue of his journal, I find Mr. O'Connor himself accusing Wordsworth of a lack of humour. "A sense of humour alone," he asserts, "would have been sufficient to prevent Wordsworth—when Milton's watch had been handed round for the veneration of the company—from solemnly producing his own watch and circulating it for a similar tribute." But, with all deference to T. P., does not that act alone stamp the poet as a man of some humour? It reminds one of the clown at the circus, who, attempting to emulate the feats of the acrobat, falls on his nose. Of course, if the good people who had been inspecting Milton's watch decided to take Wordsworth seriously, the joke must have fallen uncommonly flat. That is the penalty one pays for being a poet, or for suiting one's humour to one's company. It is just possible that a cheap epigram would have elicited roars of laughter. Again, let us not forget that it is to Wordsworth we owe that subtle love-poem beginning—

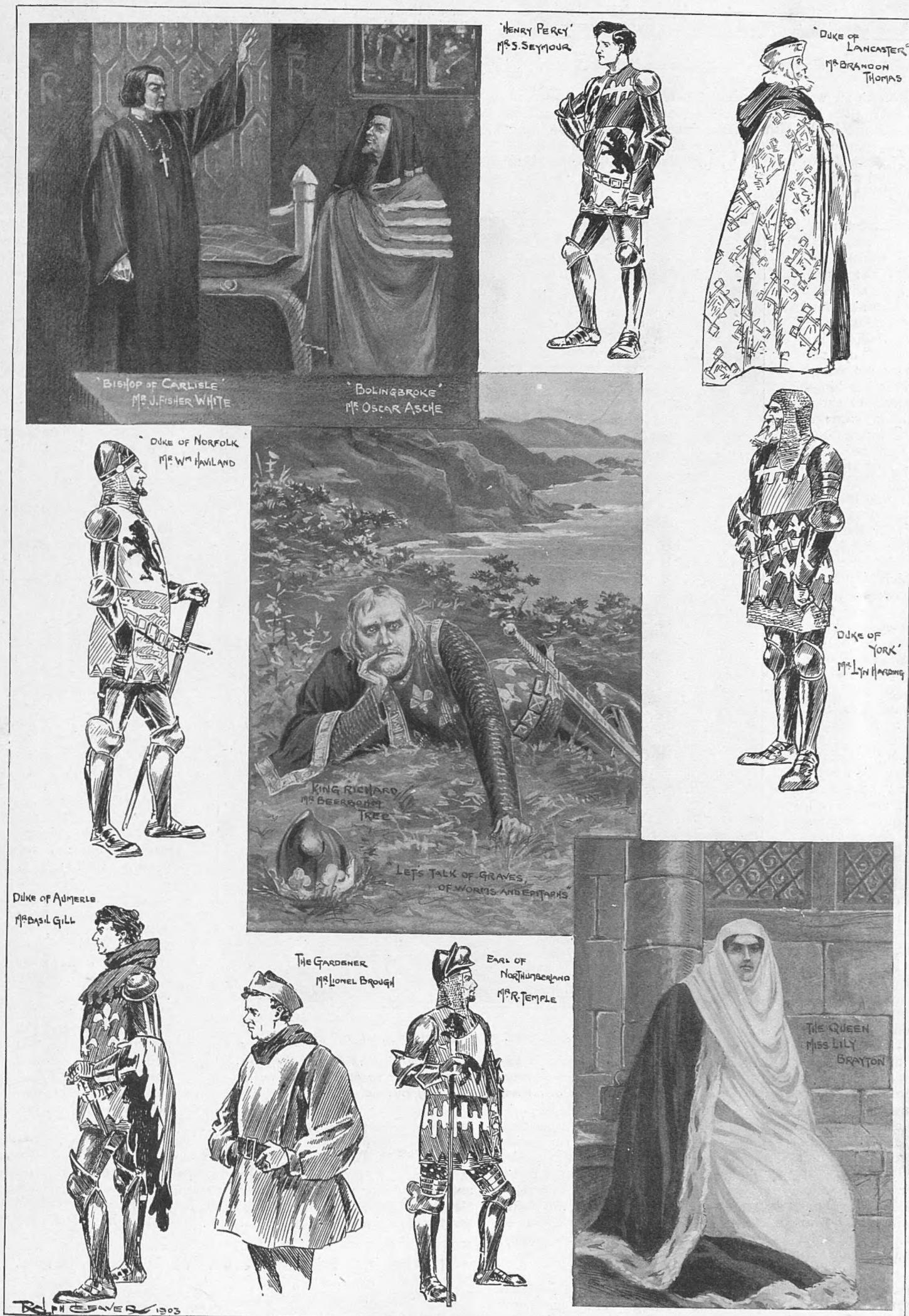
"Let other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing;  
Rejoice that thou art not!"

Lack of humour, indeed!

There are two questions that my friends are never tired of putting to me. One is, "What ought one to see at the theatres?"; and the other, "What is the best book to read?" Just now, I always reply to the latter question, "'The Call of the Wild,' by Jack London." Many people, I am afraid, have been misled by the fact that this is a book about a dog. Literally, the description is correct, but what a dog! Read the book for yourself, and then, even though you have never cared for dogs before, you will understand why it is that those who love dogs treat them like human beings, and why they refuse to believe that there is no room for dogs in Heaven. The sheer art of the book, too, is perfect. It is, indeed, a prose poem, flawless throughout.

The comments on Colchester that appeared in these columns a week or two ago have brought me a severe censure from the *Essex County Standard*. The writer of the censure, who would appear to be the author of the Guide to Colchester that accompanied me on my rounds, finds fault with me for having endeavoured to supplement the information contained in his book by putting leading questions to a cabman, a policeman, and a hall-porter. But I search his notes in vain for any hint as to an alternative line of conduct. After all, a policeman is supposed to know his town, a cabman is supposed to know his neighbourhood, and a hall-porter is supposed to know everything. In my time, I have exchanged views with hundreds of policemen, thousands of cabmen, and a very fair number of hall-porters, and I am bound to say that I have invariably found them to be men of very alert minds. Even at Colchester, the policeman told me something that was not in the guide-book, and the hall-porter agreed with me that a Theatre Royal with a roof to it was preferable, on a wet night, to a Grand Theatre without a roof. I protest, then, that the *Essex County Standard* has been a little hasty with me. At the same time, I am delighted to observe that the air of Essex, though it may not stimulate conversation, at any rate fosters a certain growth of humour.

## MR. TREE'S LATEST TRIUMPH AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



SKETCHES OF "RICHARD II." BY RALPH CLEAVER.



*Moscow—Its Sharp Contrasts—Pious Days and Wild Nights.*

I HAVE never in my wanderings East and West seen a town where the contrasts in the life of the place are so abrupt as they are in Moscow. Rome in the Middle Ages may have been something like it, but there is no modern town which is in any way its parallel. The rich at Moscow do very much as they like, and they choose to live very freely and to fling money about by the handful. The poor are very poor, and in all outward forms are the most religious people in the world. In all the streets near the Kremlin are little chapels, and at every street-corner is a sacred picture with a lamp burning before it. No peasant passes any one of these without removing his cap and crossing himself many times. Outside the chapel, by a gate in the wall of the inner city, a crowd is gathered day and night, for here is kept the most sacred of all the ikons, that of the Iberian Madonna, and here the glass covers over the pictures of saints which hang outside are dulled by the greasy lips which kiss them continually. I saw a string of schoolboys passing this chapel, and each of them kissed one or other of the ikons before they continued their way.

In the shade of the Town Hall, a few yards from the chapel, an old black travelling-carriage stands. It has gilt coats-of-arms on its panels, a great box-seat, and a broad seat behind for the servants. Five black horses are harnessed to it, three driven by a coachman, the two leaders guided by a postillion. This old carriage waits there to carry the sacred ikon to any person of distinction who is ill, and when it lumbers over the stones with its precious burden, the servants bare-headed on the seats, every hat comes off every head and the work of the city stops while men, women, and children cross themselves. Some of the peasants who come as pilgrims to the Kremlin are as low down the scale of civilisation as the Bhootias, and one little party, with heads wrapped up in old padded rugs, with their skirts brown with sun and dirt, and with slippers of woven reeds, looked exactly like the strange human beasts-of-burden which come shuffling over the hill-paths of the Himalayas to the market of Darjeeling. In the Kremlin churches a little patch of the bone of the skulls of some of the saints who lie there above-ground in their coffins is exposed for these faithful to kiss, and they can see relics more wonderful and more sacred than all the churches of Rome can show.

In sharp contrast to the intensely devotional life of the daytime are the amusements of the rich men in the evening. The "gardens" are scattered about the outskirts of the town and in the park beyond the Arch of Triumph, and in these railed-in spaces the lights blaze till four in the morning. Variety-shows and a folk-theatre, bands and a great restaurant, are to be found at all of them, and each restaurant

has a row of little pavilions, furnished most sumptuously, where the gilded youths of Moscow hold their revels. To spend a thousand roubles in the evening is the ambition of the "young bloods." In the old days, when all men, rich or poor, wore the national costume, the young man out for an evening used to fill his high-boots with roubles, and when he was carried home much the worse for wear at the end of the evening, the Tartar waiters who performed this kindly office used to shake the last roubles out of his boots when they had pulled them off. Nowadays the son of a rich merchant—for they spend money more recklessly than the Boyards—tosses a fifty-ruble note as a tip to a waiter at the Yar, or at the Golden Anchor, at the Ermitage, or at the Aquarium, and is treated as though he were a Grand Duke.

The feasts which take place in the cabinets no one but a lady novelist could describe, and the paternal police think that it is as well that no accounts should ever appear of the "incidents" with which the supper-parties sometimes end; but in all outward matters there is no country where so much attention is paid to the proprieties as is done in Russia. The list of the plays which may be performed on the stages of the folk-theatres has been so carefully weeded out that only old patriotic dramas and a few knock-about farces are left, and a police official sees every "turn" before the performer is allowed to produce it at any of the variety-theatres. A skirt is never lifted too high on the public stage, and the young lady of fourteen will find nothing to blush at in any "turn" at any Russian music-hall.

There is no country where the people are so carefully looked after; the police who regulate the traffic are dotted about the roads within speaking distance of each other, and there are laws dealing with every imaginable occasion—laws which the poor man has to obey. The rich man need not be so particular. One law deals with fast driving on muddy days, and in connection with this I was told a story in Moscow which I give as it was given to me. A stranger, a Russian gentleman, driving at full gallop on one especially dirty morning, splashed a citizen, who complained to a policeman, and the swift driver was stopped and taken to the police-station to give his name and address. When the name was given, the sergeant was horrified to find that he had as a prisoner



[Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.]

#### THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

*The Marquis of Anglesey is now on tour with his "Marriage of Kitty" Company, the proceeds being devoted to charity. During the past month £2000 has been paid to various charities as the result of his performances.*

one of the most important of the Grand Dukes, who telegraphed to the Emperor from the station that he would be unable to attend a Council in St. Petersburg because he was in the hands of the police at Moscow. Apologies from the minor officials were not accepted, and everybody was surprised when the Head of the Police—a General—after a fruitless journey to St. Petersburg, was given no more severe punishment than two months' sequestration in a fortress.

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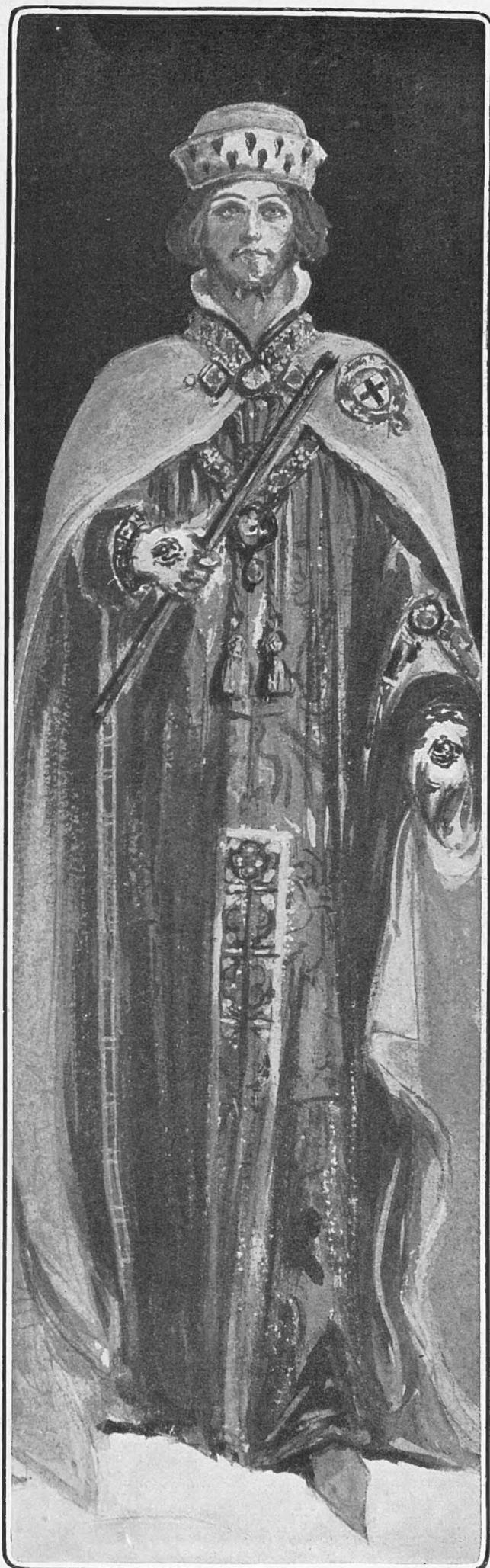
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## TWO EFFECTIVE COSTUMES IN "RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



KING RICHARD II. IN THE LISTS SCENE.

*Reproduced from the Original Designs by Mr. Percy Anderson. (See Page 324.)*



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Sept. 16, 1903.

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	11 7	LEWES	9 7
LONDON BRIDGE	10 15	EASTBOURNE	9 30
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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

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Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

Whenever possible, business should be conducted by post. The Editor cannot receive visitors except by appointment.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.



## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THOUGH, in the nature of things, the King cannot spend so much time in Scotland as Her late Majesty did, it is evident that he has no intention, as was at one time feared, of neglecting either the Northern Kingdom in general or the splendid domain of Balmoral in particular, which came to him on his accession. As for partridges, His Majesty will have them from Sandringham, for there are none at Balmoral, but the deer-

same as that between a General and a Field-Marshal. It is curious that the Sea Service possesses fewer of these honorary Royal officers than the Army. Thus, the only Honorary Admiral of the Fleet is the German Emperor, appointed in August 1889, and the only Honorary Admiral whom the King of Portugal has to keep him company is Prince Henry of Prussia, appointed in September 1901. The short list is ended by the name of Prince Charles of Denmark, who was appointed an Honorary Lieutenant in the British Navy in February 1901. King Charles, who will be forty on the 28th inst., is, as is well known, on terms of exceptional intimacy with our Sovereign, by whom he was appointed Colonel of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry not long after King Edward's accession. His Majesty of Portugal paid a visit of some length to this country last autumn, and was royally entertained by the King and certain great nobles. King Charles is a capital shot and is very fond of yachting. Not long ago, he took a great interest in some naval manoeuvres which were being carried out in the neighbourhood of his own coasts, and he sent the British Admiral the singular yet thoroughly Royal gift of an enormous tunny-fish. Physically, King Charles may be said to loom large in the public eye, and it is understood that Queen Amélie, the charming French Princess whom he married seventeen years ago, actually studied medicine in order, if possible, to reduce her husband's dimensions.

stalking in the forests is famous, and this is a favourite sport with the King. In the late Queen's time, Balmoral had the reputation of being rather a Spartan house, for Queen Victoria's constitution was so good that she was hardly conscious of what seemed to English people very cold weather indeed. The alterations that the King has made must certainly be considered improvements, for furnishings and hangings have been introduced embodying forms and colours undreamt of by early Victorian artists. The ball-room, which is seen in our illustration on the next page, is very large, and possesses, as a Royal ball-room should, a dais and, of course, a musicians' gallery. It is lighted chiefly by three beautiful candelabra, which hold nearly four hundred candles, while the walls are decorated with various trophies of the chase, including many stags' heads. The ball-room has been built only about twenty years, and it was originally hung with the Royal tartan.

*The Queen and  
Prince George of  
Wales.*

Queen Alexandra, as is well known, is the most indulgent and devoted of grandmothers, and she is especially attached to the bright and sturdy children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The fifth child, and fourth son, of their Royal Highnesses, known officially as Prince George of Wales, was born on Dec. 20 of last year, at York Cottage, Sandringham. The infant Prince was christened in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle on Jan. 26 following, when, among his other names, he was given that of Edmund, the Patron Saint of East Anglia. There was a further appropriateness in this name from the fact that the first Royal Prince to be created Duke of York was Prince Edmund, the fifth son of King Edward III. The name was borne by many members of the Royal House before the Norman Conquest, but it had rather fallen out of use in modern times. The infant Prince is fortunate in his sponsors. For godfathers he has the King, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, of whom the two latter are distinguished officers in the Danish and British Navies respectively, which suggests that the little Prince is destined for his father's noble profession. The Navy, indeed, would welcome with special heartiness another Prince George of Wales. For godmothers he has the Queen, the Empress of Russia, and Princess Christian, who will, each in her own way, watch over the little Prince's career.

*Admiral  
King Charles.* The King of Portugal has just been appointed by King Edward Honorary Admiral in the British Fleet, and not Admiral of the Fleet, as was at first announced. The difference is the

*The King and  
Queen of Italy.* The King and Queen of Italy are expected to pay their postponed visit to King Edward and Queen Alexandra about the middle of November, the 16th to the 19th being the date which is regarded as most probable. From the British public their Italian Majesties are sure of an extremely hearty welcome. His Majesty has been over here more than once as Prince of Naples, and he received the Order of the Garter from the



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

*From a Photograph just taken by Morgan, of Aberdeen.*

late Queen Victoria, but he has not been in England at all since his accession. As for his Consort, the gracious and charming Queen who inherits all the romantic beauty of her Montenegrin ancestry, no London crowd has ever beheld her. Great preparations are being made for the visit at Windsor, where their Majesties will be chiefly entertained, and where, no doubt, King Victor Emmanuel will have every opportunity of showing his skill among the pheasants.

*A Young Hostess of Royalty.*

Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, who is helping her venerable grandfather, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at Gordon Castle, is a lovely girl of seventeen. She is the youngest of all Lord March's children; her mother, who died the year after her birth, was a Miss Craven, a kinswoman of the present Lord Craven. As becomes the daughter of Lord March and the sister of Lord Settrington, Lady Helen is passionately devoted to field-sports, and, indeed, all outdoor amusements. She is a fearless horsewoman and an excellent whip, and has had an exceptionally happy girlhood at Molecomb, her father's lovely little place, which forms a sort of appanage to the statelier glories of Goodwood House.

*Two Interesting Engagements.*

Many people will be much interested in the betrothal of Miss Joyce Howard, daughter of Lady Audrey Buller and step-daughter of Sir Redvers Buller, to Colonel Arthur Doyle; and in the engagement of Miss Grace, sister of the Countess of Donoughmore, to Mr. Phipps. Miss Howard has in her veins some of the bluest blood in England. She is first-cousin to the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who himself got engaged the other day out in India, and her mother, now Lady Audrey Buller, is the youngest daughter of the fourth Marquis Townshend and is aunt of the present Peer. Her father, the Honourable Greville Howard, who died in 1880, owned that lovely place in Norfolk, Castle Rising, which is now let on a long term to Lord and Lady Farquhar.

The bridegroom is a younger son of the late Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, who was Professor of Poetry at Oxford for so long; his regiment is the Shropshire Light Infantry, and he was at one time

A.D.C. to the late

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

Miss Grace is one of the charming daughters of the wealthy American gentleman, Mr. M. P. Grace, who rents Battle Abbey from Sir Augustus Webster and who entertains so charmingly both there and at his house in Belgrave Square.

To-morrow (17th) the famous Braemar Gathering will be held. It is an affair of jumping, racing, and dancing performed by stalwart Highlanders, who afterwards desfile in front of the Royal party, led by the chiefs of their clans. Thus, the Forbes clan, each wearing a badge of broom, will no doubt

be led by Sir Charles Forbes of Newe; the Farquharsons, whose badge is a sprig of pine, by the Laird of Invercauld; and the Duff clan, whose badge is holly, by the Duke of Fife. Queen Victoria was passionately fond of the Gathering, and, indeed, the waving banners, flashing claymores and halberds, and many-coloured tartans, combine to produce an effect not to be seen in any other country, and one which is much enhanced by the weird music of the bagpipes. The day is naturally a great one for the Royal children, who make a point of attending in force, and it is also much looked forward to by all the notable people on Deeside.

*The Pope and the Cardinals.*

A sensational piece of news has been current at Turin during the past few days, to the effect that the new Pope does not intend to remain the prisoner of the Vatican, as his two predecessors did. It is said that Pius X. will come out of his retirement next autumn, and will even leave Rome for a time. This is the intention of the Pope and of what is known as the Venetian Party in the Vatican; but the Roman Party is very strong, and is credited with the resolve to get rid of the Venetians, who are looked upon as intruders in the sacred precincts of the Roman clique. The decision is put off for a year, and meanwhile there will be a most interesting struggle between the Pope and the majority of the Cardinals. Pius X. is said to be a determined man, but the odds are decidedly on the Cardinals.

*Comings-of-Age.* The rejoicings at Ingestre Hall over the coming-of-age of Viscount Ingestre, the only son of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, have been exceptionally interesting, because among the presents was included a really remarkable painting by Professor Herkomer, representing Lord Shrewsbury in his robes and bearing his wand of office as Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, in which capacity he officiated at the Coronation. A less happily inspired present was a set of studs of emeralds and diamonds, contributed by some

worthy tradespeople, who, no doubt, expect that Lord Ingestre will never eat his dinner without them, though, as a matter of fact, they are more likely to be found useful by the future Lady Ingestre. Next

Saturday (19th) Mr. Harry Vane, the eldest son and heir of Lord Barnard, comes of age. Educated at Eton, Mr. Vane is very popular in the North of England, as becomes the future Lord of Raby, and he takes a good deal of interest in the Volunteer movement, himself holding a commission in the 2nd V.B. Durham Light Infantry. Lord Brooke, the elder son and heir of Lord and Lady Warwick, came of age on the 10th, but the festivities were naturally postponed owing to the still recent death of his grandmother, the Dowager Lady Warwick. Lord Brooke saw service with the Guards in South Africa.



LADY HELEN GORDON-LENOX, THE YOUNG HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



THE KING AT BALMORAL: A NEW VIEW OF THE CASTLE SHOWING THE BALL-ROOM ON THE LEFT.



A SCOTTISH ENGAGEMENT: LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE AND THE MASTER OF BELHAVEN.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*

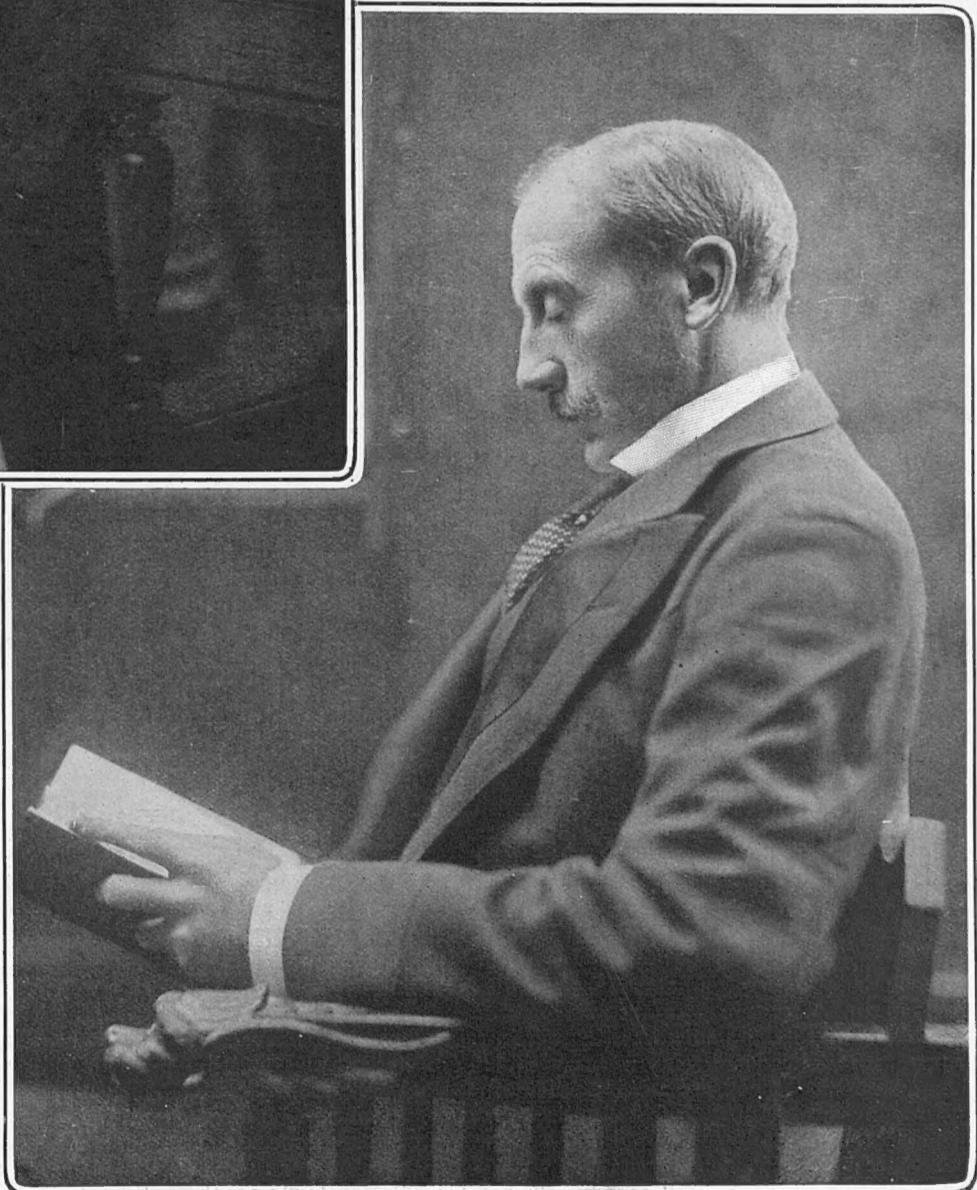
*A Scottish Engagement.* The engagement of Lady Grizel Cochrane and the Master of Belhaven will unite two ancient Scottish families which were both, curiously enough, first ennobled in the same year—1647. Lady Grizel is a strikingly beautiful girl, as, indeed, is only natural, for her parents, Lord and Lady Dundonald, are famous for their good looks. More than that, she inherits from her mother, who was a daughter of the late Mr. Bamford-Hesketh and a great heiress, the most exquisite tact and kindness. Lady Grizel has already been initiated by her mother into all the numerous educational and charitable institutions which she carries on on her Cheshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire estates, and the link between the mother and the daughter is unusually close. In connection with Lady Grizel's rather unusual name, it is interesting to recall that at the end of the seventeenth century there was a Cochrane who owed his life to the great daring of his daughter Grizel. This Cochrane had been sentenced to death at Edinburgh, and the King refused to listen to all appeals for mercy. Miss Grizel, however, set her wits to work: she tracked

the post-boy who was bringing the death-warrant to Edinburgh, found him, by good luck, asleep, drew the powder from his pistols, and, later on—for she had an eye to dramatic effect—disguised herself as a highwayman, and so obtained possession of the fatal document. The Master of Belhaven is, of course, the only son and heir of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, and is in the Grenadier Guards.

*Milner "on the Mend."* Our great Proconsul, the greatest Colonial Governor that we have now that Lord

Dufferin is dead, is deriving much benefit from his cure at Carlsbad. He has certainly earned a holiday, for the work of settlement after the War has been terribly exacting. Lord Milner, like so many others who have exercised a powerful influence on the fortunes of South Africa, such as Mr. Rhodes, Lord Kitchener, and Dr. Jameson, is a bachelor, and it will be interesting if this time he should make up his mind to take back with him to Pretoria a lady of social gifts and charm who would make her personality felt even amid the strange cosmopolitan society of Mr. Kruger's old capital. From no one in England would Lord Milner receive a warmer welcome than from the venerable yet still vigorous Lord Goschen, to whom belongs the credit of having been the first to perceive the masterly ability which lay hid behind the social charm of Jowett's young *protégé*.

The new Bacon Society Incorporated, the object of which is to encourage the study of the works of Bacon and the evidence in favour of his authorship of Shakspere's plays, is to consist of five hundred members, each liable for one pound in the event of winding-up.



LORD MILNER, WHO IS NOW IN EUROPE ON A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*

*Mr. Gerald Lawrence.*

London will have to wait at least until next spring before it sees Mr. Laurence Irving's latest play, entitled "Richard Lovelace." In this, Mr. Irving and his newly made wife, Miss Mabel Hackney, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence—whose portrait in the part of the hero I have much pleasure in giving—and his wife, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, have recently been playing in what might be called the Irving honeymoon-tour. Wherever it has been seen, the play, I am told, has met with marked favour, so that, though other ventures in the provinces may not have been pecuniarily successful, this has not shared their fate. From the point of view of the cast, it must be an almost ideal production for travelling, since the number of actors required is very few. Mr. Laurence Irving has, however, rejoined his father's Company, in which he is to play Nello in "Dante" (the part created by Mr. Norman McKinnel at Drury Lane) in the provinces and in America. On his return, he will probably again be associated with "Richard Lovelace," which, as *Sketch* readers are aware, was originally acted on the other side of the Atlantic a couple of seasons ago, the author of the famous couplet,

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,

being played by Mr. E. H. Sothern, and the heroine by Miss Cecilia Loftus.

The report published by the African Concessions Syndicate, announcing the intention of utilising the vast cataract of the Victoria Falls to supply electric power as an agent in developing the resources of South Africa, reads strangely when taken together with the news that Lady Sarah Wilson and Mrs. George Pauling, accompanied by the former's husband, Major Wilson, have just accomplished a sporting trip to the Zambesi and beyond. Only a few miles from the Falls the little party had splendid sport, not only with buck and antelope, but with such big game as wildebeest, hartebeest, sable antelope, giraffe, and zebra. The lion, it seems, though never seen, was frequently heard, though by the time the Falls are harnessed he will probably have taken his departure. The ladies were much impressed by the romantic beauty of the scenery on the banks of the Zambesi, and Mrs. Pauling expressed herself in glowing terms. Lady Sarah and Major Wilson are now on their way to Australia.

*September in Italy.* While letters from England and France and Germany bring us tidings of continual, ever-pouring rain, we whom happy fate enables to dwell in Italy (writes the Rome Correspondent of *The Sketch*) are still enjoying weather irreproachable and autumnal scenery unmatched in any other clime. Artists and photographers might well do worse than run Southwards at the close of July and spend September in reproducing on canvas or on paper the glorious beauty with which Nature here arrays herself when summer is drawing to a close. The olives are, as yet, not ripe, but the vines are mellowing fast, and heavy green and purple bunches cluster lovingly round every porch and over every farmstead door. The poorest, meanest cottager boasts his vine, for here every man "sits under his own vine-tree." The markets are already overflowing with supplies of luscious grapes; some are round and taste of muscatel, some are oblong and some are curved in shape. Whatever their form and whatever their colour, they are all exquisitely appetising, and

present, as they hang in their myriads of bunches up and down the fields, along the mountain-sides, and covering the apple-trees in the orchards, a picture that many an artist would love to be able faithfully to represent.

Rivalling the vine is the now ripe "India-yellow" maize, of which enormous crops abound within the confines of Umbria. Maize seems to be like the camel of the desert—it needs but little here below and gives to each his need. While green, it serves as luxuriant, juicy fodder for the horses, oxen, and donkeys; when yellow and seared, it serves for innumerable domestic purposes; and its fruit, when ripe, gives food to man and beast alike. At the time of writing the maize-corn is drying and ripening still further on every roof and tree and gate-post in the countryside. When picked, it is strung on long poles and lodged horizontally in gorgeous, deep-dyed clumps on roofs of barns, between stacks and ladders, and even between the branches of the orchard-trees. There it hangs and gains in ripeness and in

maturity of hue as each day's scorching sun-beams beat with incessant heat upon the mellowing cobs.

Nor are the vine and the maize the sole produce of September in these sunny parts. In every market-square are piles of scarlet tomatoes, causing the mouths of all to water with expectant joy; peaches, too, and pears arrive in tubs, slung one on each side of patient asses which have trudged since sunrise from distant mountain-hamlets. Every kind of fruit, in every shade and hue, is stacked on the burning market "Piazza," awaiting buyers and consumers. The one thing that is lacking is butter. Lacking are the lovely English pastures and lacking are the sleek, sweet cows. What cows exist are forced to serve a treble duty: first and foremost comes their claim before the cart, the harrow, and the plough; second, their call as producers of a new generation of oxen for the farm; and only thirdly their requirement as makers of milk, and consequently butter and cheese.

The milk, indeed, is largely supplied by the numerous flocks of goats; these pretty creatures, like the pigs, are kept spotlessly clean, and are tended

in herds, also like the swine, by old men and children, along the mountain-sides. Indeed, the lack of cows' milk, of butter, and of cheese is the only serious drawback which, after a month's residence among the Umbrian hills and surrounded by farmers and peasants, I can recall to mind; but this is amply repaid by the untold benefit of ever-beautiful weather, entrancing scenery, and bracing mountain-air.

*A Nickel Pourboire.* The new French nickel twenty-five-centime piece, about which visitors to France have been warned to be careful, has just been struck at the Mint, and a few privileged persons have been allowed to see the coin. On the obverse it bears the head of "Marianne," otherwise "La République," and on the reverse a label bearing in large figures the value of the coin. The new piece will be most convenient for the cabman's pourboire, but its danger to foreigners lies in the fact that it is only a little larger than the one-franc piece, and might easily be mistaken for it. In colour it is also a little darker than the franc, but when both coins are slightly worn it will be very difficult for a stranger, not used to the French money, to tell them apart.



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS "RICHARD LOVELACE" IN THE NEW PLAY OF THAT NAME  
BY LAURENCE IRVING.

Photograph by Guttenberg, Manchester.

The Duchess of Sutherland, of all our Duchesses, seems most to deserve the epithet "brilliant." It is not every woman by any means who can even look passable in a motoring-costume; but, as our illustration shows, the Duchess has the art of making whatever she wears enhance and complete that rare and striking beauty with which her fairy godmother must have endowed her at her birth. The Duchess has lately persuaded her husband and Mr. Carnegie to put down a cool five thousand each for a Technical School on new lines for the benefit of the crofters and others on the Sutherland estates. The other day, she induced Lord Balfour, the Secretary for Scotland, to lay the first stone of the school, and Mr. Carnegie was so impressed with her energy that, in an amusing speech, he recommended her to take a rest, to pursue a policy of masterly inactivity, and to endeavour to be as expert at golf as she already was at oratory. It is pretty certain that the Duchess will not take the doubtless well-meant advice of



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND IN  
MOTORING-COSTUME.

the "Steel King"; indeed, she is one of those people who could not stop working if they would, so many and multifarious are the schemes of public and private benevolence which she has either set on foot

herself or in which her assistance is all-important. For instance, in the last few years she has done a wonderful but quite unobtrusive work on behalf of the poor pottery-girls who used to die prematurely from lead-poisoning at the great factories not far from Trentham Hall, her Staffordshire home.

*Judges and  
Drowning.* Mr. Justice Channell is not, as has been said, the only Judge or future Judge within living memory

who has had a narrow escape from drowning. It will not do to overlook the late Master of the Rolls, Sir A. L. Smith, who had an even narrower escape than Sir A. M. Channell, inasmuch as he was unable to swim. In the Inter-University Boat Race of 1859, in which the Cambridge crew, rowing to the last, went down off the White Hart, A. L. Smith, of First Trinity, rowed three. It was an extremely rough day, and the Cambridge boat had so low a freeboard that she was half-full of water before the race was started. Nevertheless, the men rowed on gallantly, and never even had the boat's head turned towards shore, till at last she sank beneath them



MISS MAUD HOFFMAN, PLAYING IN "THE CARDINAL" AT  
THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

and left them struggling in the icy water. A. L. Smith and another could not swim, but, happily, they were all rescued safe and sound.

*Army  
Extravagance.* Lord Roberts's order on the subject of extravagance in the Army will, it is to be hoped, do some good, at any rate for a while. It is the outcome of the Report of the Committee on Officers' Expenses, which was issued last April; but, however desirable it may be to keep down the expenses of young officers, it is an extremely difficult thing to do, unless every form of corporate regimental hospitality is to be strictly forbidden. It is not absolutely impossible for a subaltern to live on his pay, because it has been done; but it demands an unusual amount of moral courage, and results in privations to which it is hardly fair to ask a young officer to submit. Still, gross extravagance should be put down, and, as the new order makes Commanding Officers responsible, the screw is put on in the right place.

*The Lucknow  
Memorial.*

The Indian Mutiny Memorial, which was put up in the grounds of the Residency of Lucknow in 1864, is about to be removed from the mound on which it now stands and to be placed on the level. The monument was placed on the mound to enable it to be seen the better, but it is now recognised that a wrong idea is given of the Residency buildings and of the conditions of the siege by the existence of a mound which was not there when the terrible events which give the place its interest occurred. The Memorial was erected by public subscription, and most of the donors have now passed away, but the consent of the family of Sir Henry Lawrence to the alteration has been asked and obtained.



MISS DEBORAH VOLAR, PLAYING THE PRINCESS IN  
"A COUNTRY GIRL" AT DALY'S.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

The Eiffel Tower has had a sudden access of popularity this week, owing to the fact of the decision of the City Fathers that, when its rented livelihood comes to an end, next March, the life of France's tallest daughter is not to be prolonged. In other words, the Eiffel Tower's mass of metal—and



THE DOOMED EIFFEL TOWER: VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

what that is may be imagined from the fact that at its base it covers two acres and a-half of ground, whereas its height is 1092 feet, or nearly seven hundred feet more than St. Paul's great dome—is to be sold by auction to the highest bidder early next spring, this being fifteen years since its completion. Excepting as a curio, the Eiffel Tower has, one must admit, been something of a failure. It was to have done wonders for the scientific world with its observatory, but these wonders have not materialised. It rocks in a high wind, and, even as a social resort (each platform, as all visitors to Paris know, caters for both amusement and the inner man and woman), it has not proved by any means a great success. It is a wonderful construction, all the same, and, I think, even more extraordinary in detail than as a whole. Some notion of its height and its peculiarities of structure may be gathered from the two photographs upon this page, one of which was taken from a staircase close to the summit, while the other, which looks like one of those toy villages we used to play with in our youth, was taken from the top and shows the Trocadéro gardens and the streets around them. It gives one a good notion of the smallness of humanity seen from the summit of humanity's endeavour.

At length administrative languor has been conquered, and at the last Ministerial Council, to preside over which President Loubet came up from his country-seat at Mazenc, near Montélimar, the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, M. Chaumié, received permission to accept from M. Osiris the gift of La Malmaison, the house in which the Empress Josephine lived her sad life and where Napoleon was a constant inmate. It was there he went to visit her on his return from Egypt, and after Marengo, during the short period of peace which followed that great victory, Malmaison was Napoleon's favourite residence.

It is now in the hands of workmen, and will before long throw its doors open to the public as a sort of Trianon de Josephine, showing the rooms and gardens as they were in Josephine's palmy days. It has had some vicissitudes since then. After her death, a Swedish banker, M. Hagermann, became its owner; then the Queen Marie Christine of Spain bought it for twenty thousand pounds; and in 1861 Napoleon III. purchased it, and it lay altogether neglected and unnoticed till 1896, when it was offered for sale in building-lots, and M. Osiris acquired it and offered it to the Republic. The Empress Eugénie meant, when her husband bought the property, to make a Josephine and Napoleon museum of La Malmaison, and this, though many years later, is now being done.

Britishers may be more thorough, Germans more profound, but for rapidity of thought and promptitude of action Frenchmen undoubtedly bear off the palm. Another proof of this, if proof be needed, is to the fore in M. Lépine's Toy-show, which I have heralded already in these pages and which has proved a big success in Paris. Three days before it opened, the cruiser *Géraldine* was still bombarding the Sahara coast to rescue five of M. Jacques Lebaudy's sailors. This week, all Paris has been chuckling over a clever toy, or triad of toys, in M. Lépine's Exhibition, which represent the Sugar Emperor, as he is called now, and two of these sailors in a grotesque dance. The Emperor looks a good deal more like Napoleon III.

than Jacques I., who is clean-shaven. But for two francs a likeness cannot be altogether guaranteed.

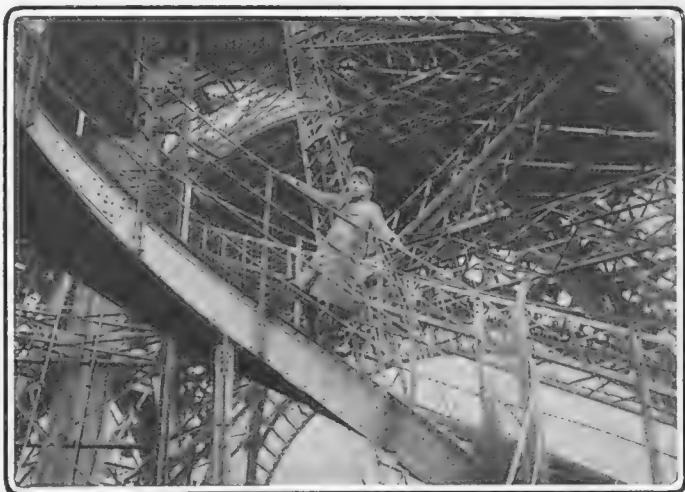
The prize of the Police Toy-show, however, has been borne off by a hairdresser's assistant, M. Léontin Noguier, with three ingenious toys which will be sold upon the streets for a few pence. The first and largest of them is a Christmas-tree upon a mantelpiece. It revolves, by an ingenious contrivance of elastic, showing the gifts upon it, and suddenly the fireplace opens and a tiny Christ-Child appears and disappears as sharply as he came. France knows not Santa Claus, and it is "l'Enfant Jésu" who brings Christmas-gifts to good little Parisians.

M. Noguier tells me that he sat up for two whole nights to make the toy, and I have been congratulating myself that I was not a customer of his during the inception period. His other toys are the inevitable cake-walk dancer, carved—and well carved, too—in wood, and a French cook, who slices carrots in a lifelike manner. Their inventor, who is a Southern Frenchman with the effusive verbosity peculiar to his kind, was warmly congratulated by the Police Prefect on his visit to the show on Monday, and startled the officials not a little by congratulating M. Lépine in his turn on having "more wit than most Northerners possess," when the Prefect had said how pleased he was to meet a hairdresser who could cut other things than hair.

## ROME.

The new Pope has no intention of allowing himself to be subservient to anyone in the Vatican, not even to his own treasurer. Always fond of giving all he possessed to those in distress, Pope Pius remains now, as ever, still actuated by similarly benign motives, and has decided to spend a sum of a hundred thousand lire, or about four thousand pounds, on the poor. The amount staggered the Vatican treasurer, who endeavoured, with many protestations, to induce the Pope to lessen the amount and leave more for the uses of the Vatican. Pope Pius, however, remained as firm as a rock. Again the treasurer opened attack. This time the Pope threatened to spend, instead of four thousand pounds, six thousand pounds. Then, at last, the unfortunate treasurer was forced to yield, and abandoned all further attempts at parleying with his chief.

Equally firm has the Pope proved himself to be on other occasions too numerous to cite in full. One instance will suffice. An employé in the Vatican printing-works having, contrary to the rules of the establishment, rushed forth from his place when the Pope was passing by, in order to receive the Papal blessing, was severely reprimanded by the authorities, and finally dismissed. This came to the ears of the Pope, who immediately sent word that the offending workman should be sent to him. The answer came back to His Holiness that the workman was ill. The Pope replied to the effect that the man should be sent the moment he had recovered. Meanwhile, the printing-establishment authorities prevailed upon the workman to represent himself to the Pope as having been in reality ill. The man, on being later received by Pope Pius, repeated as well as he could the phrases dinned into him by his employers. The Pope, however, after waiting



INTERIOR OF THE EIFFEL TOWER, FROM A STAIRCASE CLOSE TO THE SUMMIT.

for him to finish, merely said: "What! And you actually lie to the Pope himself?" This was too much for the poor man, who, like all Italians, was easily touched by paternal reproof. He confessed the truth, and was sent back to the works by the Pope the richer by a formal blessing from His Holiness, and a present, too, of a hundred and fifty lire, or six pounds.

MDLLE. ANNA HELD, THE BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN ACTRESS.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES BY REUTLINGER.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(“Monocle.”)

“TOM PINCH”—“THE CLIMBERS”—“RICHARD II.”

**S**EEING that “Little Em’ly,” though highly praised by some critics and well received, enjoyed a decidedly humble measure of success at the Adelphi, it may be doubted whether there will be a rush to see “Tom Pinch” at the St. James’s, for the Chuzzlewit dilution of Dickens is weaker than the Copperfield concoction; it is, however, more modest, and only pretends to deal with certain incidents of the novel. As the title suggests, the incidents are centred on a minor character, concerning whom the novelist used little of his dramatic, or rather, melodramatic, power, and the result is rather curious than interesting. Mr. Willard’s choice is puzzling, because physically he is most unsuited to the character, which, however, he acts skilfully but not convincingly. Mr. Volpe’s Pecksniff is quite remarkably clever and characteristic. Mr. J. G. Taylor acted ably as old Chuzzlewit.

From time to time, when, in conversation with the inhabitants of the other greatest country on earth, I have expressed surprise at the prodigious vogue in the States of Mr. Clyde Fitch, they have told me not to form a judgment of his capacity till after the production in England of “The Climbers.” “The Climbers” has been produced, and acted, on the whole, pretty well, although there are some very weak spots in the cast, and it is quite obvious that we have more than half-a-dozen writers of comedy greater in ability than Mr. Fitch. It is also certain that none of them have enjoyed such prodigious popularity as that of the author of “The Last of the Dandies,” “Pamela’s Prodigy,” “The Climbers,” and some other works the names of which I have forgotten. The matter is rather curious. It is not, perhaps, wonderful that the United States is not very fortunate in the production of dramatists, but is a little strange that a play such as “The Climbers” should be accepted “over there” as noteworthy, and one is forced to the conclusion, however reluctantly, that, so far as drama is concerned, our wide-awake neighbours are rather fast asleep and somewhat unsophisticated. The new play makes a brave show at the beginning: it promises or professes to give us a study of the rich people who are trying to climb into the select society of New York. The programme gives a line, “We are all climbers of some sort in this world,” and really, as one personally ignorant of New York life but bewildered at times by newspaper accounts of its high jinks, I had hopes we were going to enjoy a true social satire. Unfortunately, Mr. Fitch cannot live in his own atmosphere. The foundation is laid for a cruel comedy; but the second floor, or second Act, and the rest must be classed as poor melodrama. Ere the end of the play, one is confirmed in the opinion that few playwrights have had a great success in such a strange inverse proportion to their merits as Mr. Clyde Fitch. The piece suffers from want of skill in construction, lack of wit in dialogue, and absence of observation in depiction of the characters. Yet it begins well, for, at least, the author has a gift for imagining scenes and business which ought to be very entertaining.

All were amused at the beginning with Mrs. Hunter, impatient after the funeral of her husband to know what the newspapers would say of the “show” and mourning-frocks, and to find out what her income was; and when the lawyer announced that there was no income, and Mrs. Hunter raged, the piece was promising, although rather daubed as farce and not painted as comedy. Already, however, it was obvious that subtlety was out of the question. Then came a very hopeful scene between the two smart American women who thought they might take advantage of Mrs. Hunter’s catastrophe to buy her new Paris frocks cheap. The scene of the haggling should have been very funny, but was not, partly because the acting was indifferent, but mainly on account of the fact that the writing was not clever. One sees that there is a comic idea, one anticipates a neat treatment, and is annoyed to have to supply the material as well as laughter. The most handsomely advertised scene is the confession in the darkness. Here, again, Mr. Fitch has an idea which ought to have produced something quite thrilling; but it is led up to clumsily and handled in such fashion that there is not the least touch of the eerie or mysterious in it, and no gain at all from the darkness. After this, the bag of tricks is empty. The title is impertinent to the play during the second half, and, indeed, never relevant except as regards a few secondary characters who occupy the foreground for a little while.

The story of the dishonest speculator with a lovely wife, and the friend faithful in fact though not in desire, is as old as the hills, or, at least, the footlights; and Mr. Fitch’s treatment indicates no study

of it from outside the theatre, and we who are of the inside of the theatre, unfortunately, anticipate every move in this kind of play. It is curious and regrettable that an author who starts with the idea of giving a satirical picture of a peculiar stratum of society should so quickly abandon his scheme and descend to trite and jejune melodrama. Other dramatists succeed in carrying out a play that professes to present a picture of some aspect of society, but here we have a specimen of the “In the name of the prophet, figs.” Yet Mr. Fitch ought to have been able to give a vivid and interesting sketch of a society which is very strange if the newspaper accounts of the doings of its leaders contain a reasonable percentage of truth. Of course, we know very well that dramatists often choose to endeavour to describe or satirise a section of society their acquaintance with which at the best is second-hand, their plight in this respect being similar to that of the writers for the *Family Herald* or the *London Journal*; but even—and it is pure conjecture—if this should be any explanation of the failure of the play to realise the promise of the programme, we might have been very well amused by a satire, or caricature, or burlesque, however inaccurate, if clever; unfortunately, the play is not cleverly written.

Works of such a class rarely lead to noteworthy performances. I do not see that one could expect an abler or more characteristic piece of acting than that of Miss Lily Hanbury in the part of Mrs. Sterling, whose heart is torn between affection for her child, loyalty to her dishonest, speculative husband, and chaste love for Warden, his friend. The part is difficult, her scenes are not skilfully written; but she presented an impressive, womanly creature. Mr. Reeves-Smith and Mr. Sydney Valentine have not provided themselves with well-drawn parts, or exactly suitable so far as Mr. Sydney Valentine is concerned, for obviously Sterling is a weak man, and Mr. Valentine was not designed with a view to suggesting weakness. He plays the scenes powerfully, yet when he commits suicide he reminds one more of a Brutus than a coward. Individual scenes benefit by his grip and force; nevertheless, the part is a little driven out of its nature. Mr. Reeves-Smith certainly gave a very able performance, and Mrs. Moullot acted cleverly in the best-drawn of the minor parts, though it is not clear why she alone should use an American accent. Some of the others used American slang, but it did not sound very well.

I find that I have left myself considerably less space for Mr. Tree’s highly elaborate production of “Richard II.” than it deserves. There is no need for me to lay stress upon the scenery, dresses, and tableaux which are relied upon to attract the public, for whom Shakspere by himself would mean boredom; it is what we are accustomed to getting at His Majesty’s, only, if anything, a little more gorgeous and certainly more carefully historical than usual. Mr. Tree’s performance itself is full of interest, and, even for those who do not agree with him in his reading of the character of the vacillating King and think that he has allowed himself to be carried away into extravagances which weaken the dramatic interest of the play, never in itself very strong, it will be a thing to be remembered. Clearly, he has taken very seriously the hints that Richard is talking like a madman which occur here and there in the dialogue, and, following up that idea, has worked half-way, or more than half-way, towards one of those fantastic characters to which his methods are most suited. This Richard reminds us sometimes of Svengali, sometimes of Ulysses in his softer moments, and all the time of Mr. Tree. It is during the lucid intervals, when he behaves with dignity, that he is at his best, and a good deal of the scenes at Flint Castle and in Westminster Hall is really effective and impressive. Much of the rest of the performance illustrates rather forcibly the fact that the school of Shaksprian acting now being launched will not be by any means superfluous, for we have very few people on our stage who have the training necessary for the successful delivery of blank-verse. There is far too much clipping of words on the one hand, and straining after exaggerated effect on the other. But Miss Lily Brayton has learnt a good deal, and her performance in the small part allotted to the Queen is full of merit; and excellent work is done by Mr. Brandon Thomas as John of Gaunt, Mr. Oscar Asche as Bolingbroke, Mr. J. Fisher White as the Bishop of Carlisle, and Mr. Basil Gill as Aumerle. And, of course, there is Lionel Brough, who can stamp any part, however small, with his own individuality, and is always one of the most popular members of the Company, even though he does not appear for more than ten minutes.

## TWO BELLES OF NEW YORK.



THE MISSES VANE AND ELLA SNYDER.

MISS ELLA SNYDER HAS BEEN PLAYING IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE APOLLO.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I AM pleased to see that His Majesty M. Jacques Lebaudy, First King of the Sahara, is not quite out of his mind. He has left his new country for The Hague—a clear sign of returning intelligence—and he is going to submit his claims to establish a kingdom to the Arbitration Tribunal. Here, too, is good tidings, for he might have elected to arm his Bedouins and from the Atlantic shore to call all the nations of the world to arms. So soon as he has received the recognition of the Powers, he will proceed to England to buy machinery and portable steel houses for his emigrants, and he will charter a Cunarder to carry them over to Troja. Here is still more wisdom; but the act of folly that passes understanding is in making The Hague his Diplomatic Capital and appointing another man as Envoy Extraordinary to the Powers. If His Majesty had decided to settle his subjects at Troja and return to The Hague to act as his own Envoy to the wondering Courts of Europe, I should have come to the conclusion that he is merely eccentric. But, if he intends to stay in Troja when he might be at The Hague, I shall think that the evidence, on balance, is against him.

I am very glad to note how the Cup clamour has died down and my morning paper is enabled to return to placid discussion of a fiscal

policy that nobody pretends to understand. Sir Thomas Lipton has said the last word in simple, unaffected style that makes us all his debtors—he cannot understand why he can't lift "the blooming old Cup." Well, he may urge in extenuation that he had been called a "corker," whatever that may be, a few minutes earlier in the festive proceedings. Perhaps much unsuccessful yachting has made him slangy. In common with the nine thousand nine hundred ninety and nine men in every ten thousand of our population who do not yacht, I rejoice in the end of the procedure and hope that the gallant Baronet will turn his attention to some sport offering a "blooming old Cup" that he can lift with less expenditure of money and eloquence. Some people have been suggesting in the papers that he should be made a member of the blooming old Royal Yacht Squadron. I suggest he ought to be raised to the Peerage, which is older than the Yacht Squadron and still more blooming.

"We don't do such things nowadays," says my paper, referring to the suggestion that Lord Lansdowne should be impeached upon the evidence presented to the tax-payers by Lord Elgin's Commission. Well, I suppose the Warren Hastings business is played out, and there are plenty of people who think Admiral Byng was hardly used.

Clearly the War Office authorities did achieve one big success—that is, in the part of the work that the Admiralty undertook for them; and the ungrateful Commission makes no reference to the new forage-cap and the recent regulations about lace and buttons brought out amid the din and smoke of battle.

I suppose the only way to get a reputable War Office would be to invite "K. of K." to finish his Indian work as soon as he can, appoint his own successor, and come back to Pall Mall. He would flutter the dove-cotes of Mayfair and Belgravia; but, if he had a free hand, together with a General Staff of his own choosing, we should get an Army in time. We should hear less of Lady Commanders-in-Chief and Lady Secretaries of State for War, and all the attendant evils by which the best efforts of good and devoted soldiers are rendered nugatory. It would be absurd to make a martyr out of Lord Lansdowne, whose French accent is the pride of our Foreign Office, where, by the way, he does better work than he achieved in Pall Mall.

That shining light among Kings, Leopold of Belgium, is doing all he can to persuade France to stand by him and allow the reign of atrocities to continue in the Congo State; but I am inclined to think he will get cold comfort from the astute Delcassé, and that the Augean stables of his Administration will not escape the cleansing process of which they stand so badly in need. France has questions in Morocco, Siam, and Newfoundland in course of settlement with this country, and, if the settlement is proceeding satisfactorily, she will show no anxiety to stir up trouble on behalf of such a discredited person as Leopold of Belgium. If, on the other hand, the negotiations between London and Paris are failing—as in one case, the most important of the three, I hear they are bound to fail—the temptation to return to pin-pricking may be irresistible. I hope this will not be so, for we all want to see France and Great Britain the best of friends, even if it is not possible or politic to yield up Morocco to France and Gibraltar to Spain for the sake of the *entente*, which could not possibly be *cordiale* for long under such circumstances.



A CARICATURE BY M. MAURICE BIAIS.

A DARLING OF THE GODS: SOME SOUVENIR PORTRAITS OF KATIE SEYMOUR,  
WHO PASSED AWAY AT MAIDA VALE ON MONDAY OF LAST WEEK.



AS ROSA IN "THE MESSENGER BOY."



A CHARACTERISTIC DANCE IN "THE MESSENGER BOY."



AS A PICCANINNY IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL."

THE MUMMY DANCE (WITH EDMUND PAYNE) IN  
"THE MESSENGER BOY."

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## “THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

## LVIII.—MR. H. V. ESMOND.

**S**UCCESS has marked Mr. Esmond for its own, both as actor and as author,” is a common phrase these days among those who are interested in theatrical matters. It would, however, be far more pertinent to reverse this and say, “Mr. Esmond has marked success for his own,” for in his earliest connection with the theatre he proved that he intended to get to the top of the tree.

He began by “walking on,” as a super, when Mrs. Langtry produced “Enemies” at the Prince of Wales’s. When the understudies were given out, Mr. Esmond, who could not have been more than eighteen at the time, was both surprised and mortified to find that, instead of getting one of the chief parts, he was given a waiter who had only to cross the stage and speak five words, “Refreshments for the band, Mum,” in answer to a question. In the play, the part of the

stage, he began to stump across as if he had a stiff leg. “What on earth are you doing?” shouted the stage-manager. “Oh, nothing!” replied Mr. Esmond in the blandest of bland tones; “I am only trying to put a little character into this part.” For the



They played for three nights at Windsor and then moved on to Oxford. In the University City, Mr. Esmond took stock of his finances and found that he would have to limit himself to that very meagre fare, while sixpence a-night had to furnish him with a bed. Happily, however, at nineteen one can almost smile at such inconveniences. Mr. Esmond tightened his belt, and probably thought of Chatterton, the wonderful boy. When Saturday came and that half-sovereign was paid, his dinner, it is to be hoped, did justice to the occasion, and he to it.

As an actor he made his first success at a matinée, in a play called “The Marchesa.” His part ended with a death-scene, which was not intended by the author to be the climax of the Act, for two or three pages of dialogue were to be spoken after. So extraordinary was Mr. Esmond’s success, however, and the audience applauded so enthusiastically, that the stage-manager saw that any prolonging of the situation would be an anti-climax, and he promptly rang the curtain down on the scene. It was not long after this that Mr. Willard, who was about to produce “The Middleman,” engaged



heavy father, with a great curse at the end of an Act, was played by Mr. Fernandez. This was the part on which Mr. Esmond had set his heart. He, no doubt, considered that, both, in the light of his youth and of his inexperience of the stage, it was peculiarly suited to him. He, therefore, went down to a rehearsal, at which he found Mr. Coghlan, the author, Mrs. Langtry, and Mr. Thomas Coe, the stage-manager, directing certain alterations in the last Act. Without the least hesitation, he went up to Mr. Coe and said, “I have been given the understudy of a waiter. The part I want to understudy is the one played by Mr. Fernandez.” Mr. Coe looked the boy up and down, put his hand on his shoulder, and, leading him down to the footlights, said, solemnly, “Young man, never joke with business-men.” Unfortunately for Mr. Coe, Mr. Esmond had never been more serious in his life. Presently the rehearsal for the understudies began. Mr. Esmond’s cue came. Instead of walking across the



He soon found that acting was “not all beer and skittles.” In the dark school of experience he even learned that it might degenerate into biscuits and ginger-beer. On one occasion he accepted an engagement with a Touring Company at a salary of ten shillings a-week.



## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LIX.—MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. ESMOND).

eloquent tributes he can pay to her ability as an actress. It is a well-known joke, which Mrs. Esmond has been heard to make among their friends, that Mr. Esmond always "writes tall, beautiful women with a passionate nature. When he comes to cast them and he cannot

"I cannot possibly," replied Mr. Hawtrey, with the easy confidence the successful actor always adopts to the dramatist who has yet to make his name.

"You are going to hear it to-morrow at twelve," Mr. Esmond persisted.

Mr. Hawtrey took out his engagement-book. "I can't possibly hear it to-morrow, for I have an appointment at—"

"I am coming to-morrow at twelve," Mr. Esmond replied, "and you will hear it," he repeated, hypnotically.

"Very well," said the actor, resignedly.

"To-morrow at twelve," Mr. Esmond arrived. At the end of the first Act Mr. Hawtrey said, "This play is no use to me. Read it to Mr. Halward, who reads all my plays."

"I said I was going to read it to you, and you've got to hear it to the end," Mr. Esmond persisted. The pathetic scenes



find the actress he wants, he says, 'Oh, I say, Eva, you will have to play this'; and I am pushed into the part as a last resource."

Mrs. Esmond's first great success in one of her husband's plays was, of course, made



in "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy. The manuscript had been for four months in Mr. Hawtrey's possession and had never been looked at. At last, Mr. Esmond went down to Mr. Hawtrey's office. "Now you are going to hear this play," he said.

made Mr. Hawtrey cry, and when the reading was over, he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "We'll do it in a fortnight!"

"No, you won't," said Mr. Esmond, epigrammatically; "you won't do it for three months." It was June, and the young author was not going to risk the hot weather spoiling the run.

As an actor, Mr. Esmond has been associated with the work of all the most-known dramatists, for he has acted for Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Carton, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Malcolm Watson, Mr. Arthur Law, and Mrs. Craigie, as well as for Mr. Esmond, in three of his own pieces, "Rest," "Bogey," and "Grierson's Way." This last is underlined for production by Miss Julia Marlowe in America, whither, just after he had seen "Billy's Little Love Affair" started on its successful career at the Criterion, he has gone in order to produce his new serious play, "Fools of Nature."

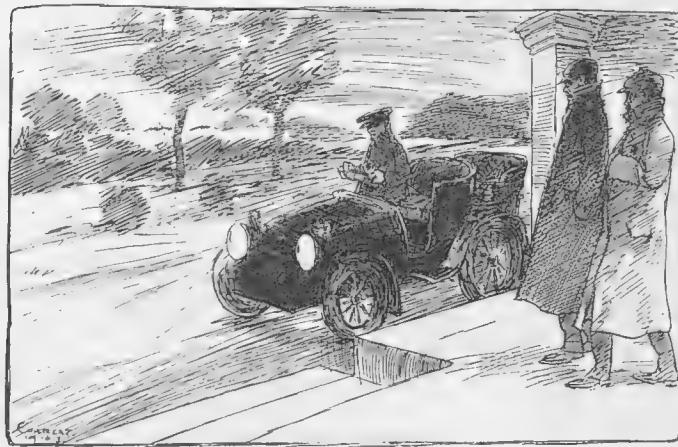


# SOME SUMMER NIGHTS

## VI.—BY COUNTRY ROADS.

"COME along," said the "J.P.;" "we shall have the moon with us. Here is Antoine."

Something came panting up the drive—to outward seeming a very Apollyon, a roaring devil, searching with two flaring yellow eyes for what it might devour; a throbbing, noisy, nervous, ill-smelling devil, intolerant of the control exercised by Antoine, who brought it to



"COME ALONG," SAID THE "J.P."

a stand-still by the porch. "Stand-still" is, perhaps, hardly the correct term, for it shook so fiercely with suppressed rage that I, knowing nothing or next to nothing of motor-cars, asked my host to have the safety-valves opened before I entered.

He made some reply to the effect that his racing-car was not a steam-engine, and I accepted the explanation without comment or conviction. Antoine negotiated the gates at the end of the drive—I don't know how he did it, for I shut my eyes at the critical moment—and then we went down the lane leading to the white high-road, where pedestrians, carriages, carts, cyclists, and dogs are wont to exercise by day, as if the road had been made for them.

"Upon my word," said the "J.P.," irritably, commenting upon the unreasonableness of humanity, "you can't ride in any comfort or security until after dark. *Dépêchons, Antoine; la route est libre,*" he continued, more cheerfully; and the little chauffeur responded with some movement of a lever, and set all the trees and hedges running past us in manner that took my breath away and made me wish I had joined the ladies after dinner.

"This makes life worth living!" shouted the "J.P." in my ear; but I was thinking not of life, but of death and inquests and sorrowing friends, and wondering whether the end would come suddenly or if it would be lingering and long-drawn-out. I tried to recall details of the reports I have read under the heading "Motoring Casualties" during the past twelve months.

White road, yellow for a few yards in front of us; black trees and hedges disappearing rapidly, as though they did not want to see the impending tragedy; Antoine, masked like a brigand, the "J.P." disfigured beyond recognition—these sights were all I could make out, and I heard only the rush of the wind as we were hurled through space and the song of the racing-car. "I shall smash you up, I shall smash you up; smash, smash, smash," seemed to be the refrain.

A village—pale, subdued, insignificant—swung into view, and Antoine slowed down sufficiently to show me that he had the yellow-eyed monster under control and that its owner had some respect for appearances. Once past the last house the check was atoned for, and I would have shut my eyes but for the fact that my host was shouting something about the absurdity of imposing speed-regulations on country roads. He prophesied that the Government would smash

up over its Motor Bill. "Smash, smash!" screamed the racing-car, taking up the refrain; "I shall smash you up, I shall smash you up."

We reached the foot of the steep hill that runs from—never mind—to the market-town, between wooded ground full of game. A cessation of speed seemed inevitable; but Antoine altered some of the car's internal arrangements, and the thing went up the hill as though it were a law to itself and not on speaking terms with gravity. Something came into the glare of the lamps; we bumped horribly—and the incident was closed. I had my suspicions, but my host was rigid behind his mask, and Antoine's remark seemed irrelevant. My own opinion is that we had chopped a fox—some vagrant wanderer, perhaps cub, in search of supper, caught for a moment by the piercing eyes of the machine and sent to kingdom come at the rate of anything between thirty-five and forty miles an hour before it could realise its danger; but, then, I am an inexperienced person, and Antoine laughed the idea to scorn when we slowed down and went through the market-town and its suburbs at a comparatively law-abiding pace of little more than twenty miles an hour.

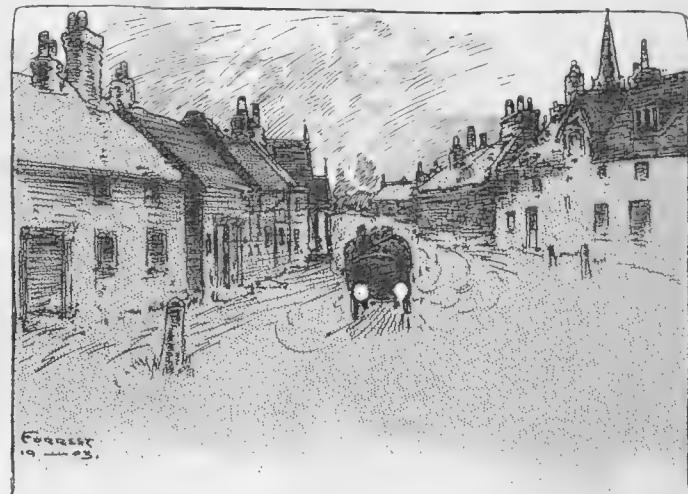
A few late cyclists were passed within ten miles of the town, and, whether they were on the flat or going downhill, we left them almost as soon as they were seen. I only hope they enjoyed the dust and the delicious odour of petrol as heartily as Antoine enjoyed bequeathing them. My supreme consolation lay in the knowledge that we were on the homeward way, and that, save for dust, dirt, and general nervous breakdown, I was not any worse than when I started.

"Home in five or six minutes!" screamed the "J.P.," and, as he spoke, the car complained audibly, and, though Antoine fought among the levers, it slackened, slowed, and stopped.

We were by the side of a thick wood, from which a few pigeons came suddenly, as though from broken rest. Antoine jumped out and crawled under the machine, the "J.P." assisted him eagerly, while I got off the car and thought how pleasant a thing it is to walk along a high-road at a pace never exceeding four miles an hour.

"If Providence regards journalism and journalists seriously," I said to myself, in my heart of hearts, "the machine will refuse to budge an inch further, and we shall walk home. It can't be far—he said five or six minutes."

It was not to be. Within a quarter of an hour the monster was pronounced convalescent. Only playfulness led it to back to the



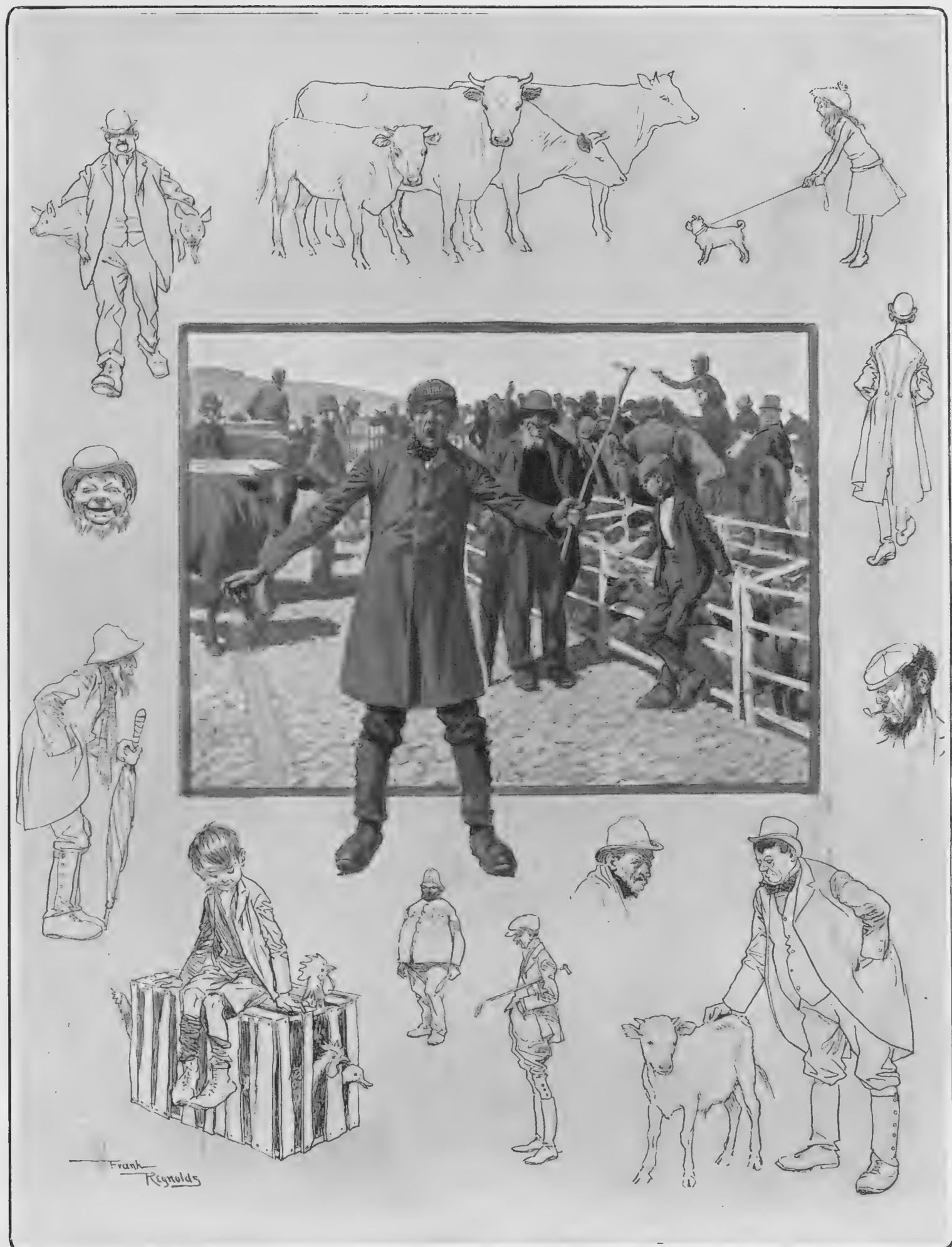
A VILLAGE—PALE, SUBDUE, INSIGNIFICANT.

edge of the ditch by the wood-side when Antoine started off. We reached home in safety and my dreams were disturbed.

"Where did you have the trouble last night, dear?" said my friend's better-half, at breakfast on the following day.

"Only about four miles out," said the "J.P.," carelessly.

S. L. BENUSAN.



OUR CATTLE-MARKET.

SOME BUCOLIC SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE amiable Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, is to have a biographer in Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The book will be welcomed. Much has been written about Mr. de Vere, and many of his letters have appeared in the Life of Lord Houghton, the autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor, and other works. The gifted Sara Coleridge addressed many of her letters to him. He himself published his Recollections some six years ago. But in none of these is there much about himself, though he has told the story of his transition from the Anglican to the Roman Church at some length. De Vere was not distinguished for his humour, but he could occasionally tell a good story. One is of an undergraduate to a Fellow who rebuked him and another for their flippant criticism of a Cambridge Don. Said the Fellow, "You are probably ignorant, young gentlemen, that the venerable person of whom you have been speaking with such levity is one of the profoundest scholars of our age—indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our age has bathed more deeply in the sacred fountains of antiquity." "Or come up drier, sir," was the reply of the undergraduate. Monckton Milnes and O'Brien Stafford had a close friendship varied with incidents and passages. "Does that old friendship," asked someone, "between you and Stafford continue to rankle still?"

De Vere's sketch of Hartley Coleridge seems to me by far the most cheerful and graphic ever written, and a few sentences may be

quoted: "It was a strange thing to see Hartley Coleridge fluctuating about the room, now with one hand on his head, now with both arms expanded like a swimmer's. There was one element wanting in his being. He could do everything but keep his footing, and, doubtless, in his inner world of thought it was easier for him to fly than to walk, and to walk than to stand. There seemed to be no gravitating principle in him." The phrase, "He could do everything but keep his footing," would have made an excellent text for one of Matthew Arnold's little critical discourses.

The two new volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series, "Crabbe," by Canon Ainger, and "Fanny Burney," by Austin Dobson, ought to be valuable. The Life of Crabbe by his son is very neat, quaint, and frank, but wants supplementing. Fanny Burney was so intimately connected with Johnson and his circle that she must always have a place in English literature. Dr. Birkbeck Hill declined the difficult task of selecting her Johnsoniana. Mr. Dobson has the highest qualifications for treating the subject, and it may be hoped that he has obtained access to the unpublished manuscripts.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti is to edit in one volume the complete poetical works of his sister, Christina Rossetti, and he will furnish the book with an Introduction Memoir and Notes. It is to be hoped that the book will be much better executed than the same editor's previous supplementary collection of Miss Rossetti's poems. It is also very much to be hoped that the devotional pieces published by the "S.P.C.K." will have a place. If not, the title will be singularly inept.

The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Courthope's great work on the History of English Poetry, perhaps the most important contribution to English literary history made for many years, will be published this year.

The "Memoirs of Froude," by Sir James Crichton Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle, is an entirely new publication, and is a clear and trenchant but strictly moderate statement of the case against Froude.

It is supported by the evidence of those who knew the Carlyles well, not the least weighty contribution being from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant. It is comforting to think that the last bolts have been shot from the opposing camps. An article on Carlyle by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy will be found in the current *Contemporary Review*. The paper was not completed by the author, but the notes of it were found and put together by his daughter. If I am not mistaken, one important paragraph relating to a very painful point has been, no doubt judiciously, omitted.

o. o.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

V.—"PAIN." (AN ENGLISH BOY.)

## FIVE NEW BOOKS.

**"ERB."**By W. PETT RIDGE.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

Just as we have become accustomed to turn to Mr. Arthur Morrison for the tragedy, so now we look to Mr. Pett Ridge for the comedy of East-End life. In this latest novel, he takes as his hero a certain Herbert Barnes, a clever young railway-carman whose brains and ambitions led him into difficulties of various kinds. Like Mr. Pett Ridge himself, Erb had a gift for making speeches; but, unlike Mr. Pett Ridge's orations, Erb's speeches were of the strenuous, revolutionary order. At the same time, they were good of their kind, and so highly thought of by Erb's comrades that they formed a Society of Carmen and appointed Mr. Barnes Secretary of the Society at a salary of two hundred a-year. Incidentally, the young carman had been discharged by the railway company on the ground of his insurrectionary tendencies; but the martyrdom strengthened his hand with the men and even encouraged him to start a paper in connection with the Society, entitled the *Carman*. Now Erb, although a capital hand at snubbing hecklers, had omitted to study the law of libel, and we are not surprised to find that he very soon let his comrades in for serious damages. By way of thickening the plot, the author introduces his hero to a lame young lady who gave lessons in elocution, and it is that estimable person whom Erb eventually married. Before the marriage came about, however, Barnes had to encounter and overcome many difficulties, each adventure being recounted with Mr. Pett Ridge's usual spirit and humour. Indeed, the study of the young carman is thorough and always interesting; we defy anyone, having read "Erb," to persist in regarding railway-carmen as mere machines for the unpunctual delivery of goods in bad condition. Another well-drawn character is that of Spanswick, Erb's rival for the post of Secretary to the Society. Good, too, is Rosalind, the teacher of elocution who eventually became Mrs. Barnes; but Louisa, Erb's sister, is just a shade too smart to be convincing. The best thing in the book, perhaps, is the description of a fight that occurred at one of the railway-men's meetings. But the whole novel is very fresh and readable.

**"CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS."**By LORD MACAULAY.  
(Methuen. 3 Vols. 6s. each.)

The new edition of Macaulay's Essays, edited by F. C. Montague, M.A., is a really fine piece of work. To begin with, the publishers have given us Macaulay in a very attractive and convenient form. There is no edition of the essays quite so pleasant to handle. Professor Montague has shown great care, knowledge, and good sense in the discharge of his editorial duties. He is, perhaps, too free in his criticisms. The editor of an author like Macaulay should deal only with matters of fact. Opinions should be left severely alone. Mr. Montague sometimes reminds me of Croker. For example, Macaulay, reviewing Southey, says: "Buildings for State purposes the State must erect, and here we think that in general the State ought to stop." Mr. Montague annotates: "It would be admitted by most people at the present day that the condition of society should in great measure determine the action of the Government with regard to public works," &c. On the next page a quotation is made from Sir Thomas More. Mr. Montague annotates: "This remark is true and finely expressed." Macaulay argues that "either physical pain is an evil or it is not an evil. If it is an evil, then there is necessary evil in the universe; but if it is not, why should the poor be delivered from it?" Mr. Montague argues: "The inconsistency here imputed to Southey is, at all events, shared by nearly all religious people," &c. On the other hand, the introductory essay, though not brilliant, is measured and judicious, while the prefatory notes to the various essays are, in most cases, excellent. Once or twice the necessary labour has been evaded. To the essay on Mackintosh there should certainly have been prefixed some account of the notable quarrel between Wallace, the editor of Mackintosh's posthumous History of the Revolution, and Macaulay. The suppressed passages in the review might have been introduced with advantage. The note on the essay on Johnson hardly does justice to the completeness of Macaulay's triumph over Croker, and on that point Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's book might have been referred to. Nor will every reader of Macaulay agree with Mr. Montague in his praise of the essay "Gladstone on Church and State" as the most masterly of Macaulay's essays. Mr. Montague says: "None equals this review in coherence, in force of reasoning, in dignity of temper, in mingled power and sobriety of expression. . . . Had Macaulay often written in this strain, he would now be held in far higher estimation as a critic." The great merits of Mr. Montague's work call for the frankest acknowledgment. It is amazing to see how little that is absolutely erroneous has been detected by such a scholar as Mr. Montague. Wherever facts are concerned, Macaulay was one of the most accurate of writers.

**"THE ROSE OF JOY."**By MARY FINDLATER.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

As is the case with so many novels of the present day, there is very little action in "The Rose of Joy," but the current of the story meanders on pleasantly and somewhat humorously. Everybody, of course, is in love with the wrong person, which merely goes to prove that the tale in no way departs from the idea of a properly constructed modern love-story. Susan Crawford has a very uncomfortable home, and, rather than remain in it, she marries Dally Stair, for whom, apparently, she has no particular affection. If the author wished us to sympathise with Susan over this marriage—as all the characters in the book seem to sympathise—why does she make Dally sympathetic, tender, gay, whimsical, debonair; in fact, a charming personality? Even when the crash comes and Dally's first wife (whom he had sincerely believed to be dead) appears on the scene, he is still certainly more sinned against than sinning. Here, however, the charm of Susan's character asserts itself, and, gathering up the fragments of her life, she faces the future, making her great love of beauty serve as her "rose of joy." "The changes of the seasons out of doors were painted like a picture on her heart." With these words as the prelude, the author shows us what might be termed four little panel-pictures of the seasons. So excellent is the writing here that for these pages alone the book is worth reading, though, taken as a whole, it does not soar above the average novel.

**"THE TEMPTER'S POWER."**By SILAS K. HOCKING.  
(Frederick Warne. 3s. 6d.)

It would be superfluous to apply the canons of the more fastidious literary criticism to the novels of Mr. Silas K. Hocking. The readers for whom he writes are not troubled with the finer questions of verisimilitude, psychological analysis, style, and the other shibboleths of the superior. To them, all that is printed is to be believed (how otherwise is it printed?), and with Mr. Hocking they go joyously from cover to cover, often with their heart in their mouth, often stirred by the tenderer emotions, as when the virtuous hero and heroine indulge, *coram populo*, in the most delightfully banal love-making. When she "tells herself" that she will always dress as *he* likes, the problem of independent and righteously self-assertive womankind fades from the scheme of things. "Oh!" she cries, "shan't I be happy to sit at his feet and feel his hand upon my head—his dear, strong hand—and hear him whisper, 'My little girl!' Oh, the thought of it makes my heart leap as though it would come through my side!" Think of it, ye disdainful bachelor girls of Chenies Street and Chelsea! All this and a great deal more that is amorous, adventurous, and villainous (yet, withal, highly moral and of irreproachable "tone") is to be found within the boards of "The Tempter's Power" (illustrated).

**"PARTNERS THREE."**By MAY CROMMELIN.  
(John Long. 6s.)

Were it not for the long list of works appearing on the title-page of her latest book, a stranger to Miss May Crommelin's writings would find the statement that she is an experienced author difficult if not impossible of credence. "Partners Three" bears but little sign of the practised hand, many signs of the unpractised. It is "novelettish" (the coining of an unsightly but expressive word may, perhaps, be pardoned); what little humour there is, is forced and occasionally vulgar; and there is much distracting matter that would have been more in place in a book of travel. It is, too, essentially a novel of lost opportunities: much might have been made of Irene Ronaldson's scheme for benefitting the class of poor ladies to which she for a time belonged. The possibilities for both humour and pathos in the cruise of the *Evening Star* are enormous. Dickens would have revelled in it; but Miss Crommelin has not the pen of Dickens. She succeeds in caricaturing without convincing, and the manner in which the chief personages of her story, both men and women, are brought aboard the yacht is absurdly reminiscent of farce, or, perhaps even more, of those convenient coincidences which produce the extraordinary second-Act meetings in musical comedy. The epidemic of engagements during the cruise is equally ludicrous. There is far more idea and a far greater sense of the dramatic in Veronica Vereker's little story of peasant love, and infidelity, and despair, that finds a place in the volume than in the whole of "Partners Three." Irene and the "ranker," and perhaps Jean, Lady Glenross, are the only characters in which interest is felt; the others, though conscientiously romantic according to their lights, can only be kept alive, as it were, by the oxygen of the reader's goodwill. Altogether, Miss Crommelin's novel, with its complicated love-affairs, its undue stretching of the long arm of coincidence, and its handful of "happy-endings," may succeed in pleasing the school-girl; those of maturer age and judgment will, at the most, be mildly tolerant.

## THE HUMOURIST IN THE SICK-ROOM.



HE (*weakly*): It is very good of you, Mrs. Houston, to come and see me when I'm so ill.  
SHE (*gushingly*): Not at all! I wish it were more often.

SEPT. 16, 1903

THE SKETCH.

315

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



V.—THE IDEAL.

## THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



EXTRACT FROM FOURTH LETTER (DIEPTE):

... Last night, in the Casino, my purse having been emptied at Petits Chevaux, a kind (but ugly) Frenchman | window if he spoke to me again! "Toujours la politesse"! I won't be squabbled about, and have promised to | go on Sunday to the races with the Frenchman, Baron Something (he told me his name, but I forgot it) . . . | wanted to lend me money, and I afterwards heard an interfering Englishman offer to throw him through the

A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.

## LOVE IN A GARRET.

BY

HENRY GILBERT.

SINCE he had obtained his degree in science and an appointment, Stephen Portway had determined to leave his poor lodgings in Soho; but he still delayed. At first, he was not frank, even to himself. But at length he had to confess to the dark of a sleepless night that a woman held him—a woman to whom he had never spoken except with the commonplace greetings of the day.

She was French, she called herself Mademoiselle Lemoine, was, perhaps, twenty-four years of age, and she lived alone in a room on the opposite side of the landing before his door. She appeared to be very poor, very proud, and very solitary. The landlord, a little Swiss watchmaker, would shake his head to Stephen's guarded inquiries as to how she lived. He only knew that she gave French lessons at one or two schools in the suburbs.

Without thinking, Stephen had got to wait for her going out in the morning, so that he could greet her when passing. In the evening, too, when he heard the light footsteps coming up the stairs, he would carelessly begin descending, so as to look into the tired, quiet eyes and hear the soft voice answer his salutation. But at last he became aware that his comings-in and goings-out were but shadowings of her movements, and in shame he put restraint upon himself. For some miserable days, therefore, he still listened for her footsteps, but forebore to encounter her. But when, at the end of that time, he found he had not seen her face for a week, he threw self-control to the winds and watched to meet her.

He was surprised and stirred at the change he saw in her face. Once theré had seemed to be the possibility of archness and coquetry, but now it was pale and gaunt, and in her eyes were fever and a great trouble. He could not be deceived: whatever was her mental anguish, he knew there was a meaner, a grimmer despair beneath it all—she lacked food. All the evening and long into the night he asked himself what he could do to approach her. Once he would fiercely resolve to go to her to-morrow and bluntly offer her help and friendliness; next moment, he would enrage against the suspicious conventions that were reared about them.

Next day was Saturday. She did not appear in the morning, and he went listlessly to his work. Reaching home quickly in the afternoon, he sat in his room, near the door, and listened for her. Some time elapsed: he was in great disquiet, wondering what might have happened to her. Suddenly the quiet steps sounded on the stairs below, and, seizing his hat, he strolled, whistling, out of the room. She was coming up the stairs with a basket on her arm, and, at the sight of the weariness in her face and the frailty in her figure, he felt impelled to speak to her tenderly. As she looked at him with shining, feverish eyes, he thought that for a moment she seemed shaken before his gaze, and she hesitated in her reply to his greeting: then she responded; and passed on with her usual distant bearing. As she went by, he glanced at the basket. A cloth was over something within it, and, for the moment, he was glad and then half-sorry with the thought that she was not in such dire straits as he had imagined. As she placed her foot on the stair, he saw the cloth was pulled aside at one place and a piece of charcoal jutted up. He descended, feeling pleased to think she was going to cook something over her stove.

In another ten minutes he came bounding into the house and up the stairs. Half-way towards the Museum a terrible suspicion had entered his mind: perhaps she meant to destroy herself! He stood on the landing and looked at her door. It was closed. He listened, but no noise came from the room. He tried to think of an excuse for knocking and speaking; then, happening to cast his eye to the top of



the door, he caught sight of a piece of blanket jammed between it and the frame. Quickly he bent; no light came through the key-hole, and at the bottom of the door flannel was thrust. He knocked with restrained force, the blood beating thickly at his heart. A slight movement came from within the room, but no reply. He knocked again and called, "Mademoiselle!"

Then her voice answered, in sleepy tones, "Who is it?"

"It is I," he replied. "What are you doing with the door blocked up?"

"Go away," said the girl, drowsily; "I am all right now . . . I thank you."

He pushed wildly at the door, all his fears realised, but the lock held.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, angrily. "Get up and open the door, or I will burst it in!" He reflected for a moment, and then added, "Think—the whole house will know!"

He heard a movement as of someone slowly rising, and groans, "My head! my head!" Then a heavy fall to the floor. At that, exerting all his strength, he struck the lock with his foot, the door flew open, and thick, white smoke, as from a wood-fire, curled out towards him, stifling him. A stove stood in the middle of the floor, from which the vapour rose, wreathing and twisting. From the clearness of some part of the room he believed the fire had not been long burning. Quickly lifting the girl from beside the bed, he bore her into his own room, where, placing her on a couch near the open window, he doused her head and throat with cold water. Anxiously he watched for signs of returning consciousness, and was on the point of running for help, when her bosom fluttered, the lips twitched, and the eyelids slowly opened. She gazed into his tender eyes for a moment as if she did not recognise him; then, turning, she burst into passionate tears.

As her hands leaped to cover her face he noticed a wedding-ring upon her finger. It had never been there before.

He rose from bending beside the couch and began preparing a meal. He would not look towards her as he went about the room, but was conscious of the restraint she put upon her weeping. In a little while she was silent and slowly rose from the couch. He was instantly beside her. She murmured that she wished to change her dress, which was wet. She was trembling and seemed very weak. When he had helped her into her room, which was now cleared of smoke, he said, a little brusquely—

"Mademoiselle, you will promise to do nothing rash again?"

"I will promise you, yes," she said, almost humbly, her eyes dropping before his.

"Whatever may be troubling you," he went on, "you can always depend on me to help you."

"Thank you," she replied, with so quick an emotion in her voice that he was startled and moved.

As they sat at tea, he tried by cheerful talk to bring her mind away from brooding, and after the meal she was betrayed into some brightness on seeing him wash up the tea-things, and wished, against his laughing protestations, to do it for him. Suddenly, in the midst of their almost gay talk, she became silent, the face clouded, and shining drops started from her eyes.

"I never dreamed you were so kind," she said, looking at him, the tears falling down her face. "I always thought you were so stern and cold. I called you in my mind 'the man with the hard eyes.'"

"Oh, but you mustn't trust to appearances!" he replied, cheerfully. "I've often thought you were in trouble and—and hadn't many friends, perhaps."

"I have no friends since my poor father died, a year ago," she said, sadly, when she had wiped her eyes and could speak quietly. "He had a concession which he thought some rich men here would pay him for, but they took it and gave him worthless papers. When he died, disappointed, I tried to keep myself. All our friends seemed to have hidden themselves. I have suffered many things, but I cannot starve. It is so base. It is intolerable. Oh, Monsieur, I know you despise me for being a coward to-day, but—"

"Don't say that," replied Stephen. "None of us know how weak we may be when the time comes. But now, listen! You must begin again. You must let me lend you some money to go on with, and we must look about and see what work you can get. Will you do that?"

She shook her head, putting his offer from her with a quick forward gesture of her hands, which seemed to him both pretty and pitiable.

"But consider," he said, sternly. "You've got to do it. What else can you do? Remember, you've promised me to do nothing rash again."

He looked keenly into the distressed eyes which sought to escape his gaze. Pity and love moved in him at sight of her pain.

"Oh," she said, with trembling voice, "I almost wish you had not—not found me to-day!" Then, with a sudden quickness in look and tone, she said, "How, Monsieur, did you come to suspect so soon what I was doing? I thought you had gone out."

His face flushed before her searching eyes, and, for the moment, anger took him to think she was beyond all his dreams, which now were revealed to her. As she watched his face, her fine eyes suddenly chilled and looked down.

"Never mind that now," he said, brusquely. "You must take my offer. It will only be a loan which you can repay when you have work."

"Thank you, Monsieur," she replied, in cold tones. "I will take the money as a loan."

He passed some gold to her across the table, and her face went proud and pallid as she murmured thanks. Then, hot at the thought of what might be in her mind, he tore a leaf from his note-book, made out an "I.O.U.," and handed it to her, with his pen. She signed the paper in silence. To him the flimsy page seemed a wall of ice between them that, for his part, he swore to himself he would never break down.

Next evening, she came to tell him of the efforts she had made that day to obtain work. Her manner was somewhat distant, with, at the end of their talk, a checked flash of warmth. He noticed there was now no ring upon her finger, and wondered what was her story. Perhaps, he thought bitterly, when she had gone, she was only one of the many possible *intrigantes* of the French colony, with sordid experiences better left unknown. But instantly her womanliness appealed against his hardness.

Three weeks passed. He could not but confess the quiet perseverance with which she tramped London through and through in her efforts to get work. She had procured one or two pupils, but her ambition was to obtain some clerical berth. In this, however, her lack of business experience seemed to be the great hindrance, but several of her compatriots had promised to aid her.

As to Portway, he had soon cast away all doubt. For him she was sheer honesty, and daily, in their short evening talks, the question came to him—How long could he keep the barrier of mere friendliness before him? Every turn of her lips and eyes pulled him to her; every gesture was the dearest thing in life. Outwardly, his bearing was that of a friend who, though interested in all she did, was himself too greatly occupied to give any but the smallest time to talk.

One evening, she met him on the stairs, her eyes eager, her manner agitated. She told him she had at length obtained a small berth in a commercial office. She was to work at the London branch for six months, and then be transferred to Paris. In spite of his quick cheerfulness, her brightness dulled at the sadness that came into his eyes as she told her news.

He knew what he must do: he must leave her at once. To feel

the time shorten to the day when he should see her for the last time would gradually undermine resolution. By one strong action he could save himself from his own disesteem and, perhaps, her scorn. At the heart of him he did not know what to think of her. She did not fear him, yet she did not try to draw him. Her grace and gentleness hid so much that was brave and strong that doubt of her was impossible. Yet, who was she? What was she? Had that ring meant anything? Why had she removed it?

He had for some time been able to take a vacancy in a laboratory at Liverpool, and now made definite arrangements for the change. By the time these had been concluded, Mademoiselle had been ten days in her new position, and the restful mind had quickened grace and charm in every gesture. He realised that every day he stayed made it the harder to go from her.

On the evening that he had determined to tell her of his leaving London, she tapped at his door, and, on her entering to his call, he had not the heart to look up, but returned her greeting with eyes bent on his book. After a little talk, she seemed to think he was preoccupied, and as usual, in her sensible manner that had always half-pleased and half-embittered him, she rose soon as if to go away.

He looked up quickly.

"Don't go," he said; "I have something to tell you. I have got an appointment at Liverpool and shall be leaving London in a few days. I suppose you, too, will be getting new quarters soon?"

She went pale as she sat, and in her eyes came a look of terror.

"You are leaving London? I—I am very sorry."

"I, too, am sorry," said Portway, hurriedly; "very sorry; but I think it is best for—for my prospects as an analyst."

She nodded her head, looking at him with eyes of sadness. She rose and went to the door in silence, stopped, came back to where he stood, and held out her hand.

"Monsieur Stephen," she said, in low, soft tones, "I can never thank you enough for your goodness. You have been more than a friend to me, but—"

She shook her head sorrowfully, and her eyes darkened as if with fear. She dropped his hand, and, with a wan smile, shrugged her shoulders.

"What is it, Mademoiselle?" he said, his voice quick.

"I fear myself," she said. "I am a coward." Her face and figure seemed suddenly shadowed in gloom. "But, as you have seen, my friend, there is something that leaps into us Frenchwomen when things are at their worst, and it drives us—it drives us to—" She made a curious gesture, in which indifference and despair seemed to be flung over a verge.

"But this," she said, instantly bright, "this is ungrateful talk. You have put me on a safe road. I thank you, Monsieur Stephen. There are not many men like you, I fear. I will be strong, like you. I thank you for your goodness—I thank you with all my poor heart."

Her voice trembled. She would have caught his hand and taken it to her lips, but he clutched her fingers and restrained her.

"Marcelle," he said, looking into the eyes that shone with unshed tears; "you think I leave my task half-done. You think I do not care. But, Marcelle, if you care for me and can—"

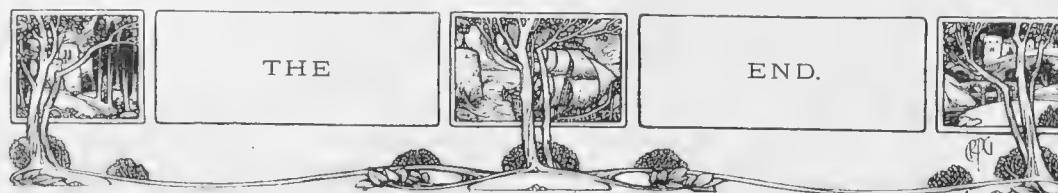
He stammered and was silent; he could not frame all the opposing thoughts that thronged, and, instead, he held her hand, looking at the finger on which he had seen the ring. He raised his head and met her eyes, and instantly complete knowledge seemed to bridge their minds.

"I have no one in the world," she said, her eyes and cheeks aglow. "It was my fancy to wear my ring that day, for I thought I soon should see him that I had lost. We had been so happy for a little while after we were married, and then he became ill and had to go away from me, and I never saw him again till he lay dead. That was four years ago. Then my father's ruin came upon us, and, oh, that little happy time seems so far away!"

"Do you care enough for me to be my wife?"

The smiling, flushing face looked fondly in his eyes, and then, as she was drawn within his arms, she said—

"I cared for you on the day I told you that your eyes had looked so hard, for I saw then how very tender they could be."





THE keen-eyed Mr. Arthur Collins and his ever up-to-date if somewhat ebullient "resident" dramatist, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, are working double-tides—or, shall I say, double "flood-tides"?—to start to-morrow (Thursday) earning fresh dividends for the

Drury Lane shareholders. In the meantime, the biggest Old Drury dividend-earner during the present year, Sir Henry Irving, to wit, began at Leeds last Monday (the 14th inst.) a tour of extraordinary dimensions. After a few weeks in the British provinces, Sir Henry will return to London for a few days, on one of which days he will play "Waterloo," and haply give an important recitation at the benefit of his old friend and colleague, Mr. John Billington, who will then take his farewell of the stage which he has so long and so loyally served. This benefit will take place on or about Oct. 6, and the next day Sir Henry will embark for America, where he will tour through all sorts of cities, big and little, until next April, when he will reappear in

Now that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has got his magnificent production of "Richard the Second" well under way, he will at once proceed to rehearse "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Michael Morton, Mr. Tree's new stage-director, will assist very materially in this production, as he is quite an expert in Japanese-play work. Mr. Morton is, in the meantime, very busy in other directions. Firstly, he is busily rehearsing more Companies to go touring with his and M. Henry Bataille's adaptation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and, secondly, he is engaged on two new plays, namely, a fresh dramatisation of "Don Quixote" and a play which he has written in collaboration with M. Pierre Decourcelle and has entitled "The Lion-Tamer."

It should, perhaps, here be added that another Mr. Morton—Mr. Hugh Morton, to wit, the librettist of "The Belle of New York"—is about to produce that serious drama which, as I mentioned some time ago, he has written for Miss Lena Ashwell and Mr. Robert Taber. For this serious work Mr. Hugh Morton will, I am credibly informed, revert to his own family name of McLellan.

I may mention that several Japanese plays besides "The Darling of the Gods" are threatened. These include "A Japanese Nightingale," to be presented by Miss Marie Tempest; another by the powerful novelist-poet-dramatist, Mr. Carlton Dawe (formerly of the Antipodes and now of Kew Gardens); and the one-Act specimen which the popular French character-actress, Mdlle. Pelar Morin, is to play at the Tivoli next Monday. And, as the song says, "there are others."

Just by way of winding up these "Green-room" mems, I may bid Sketch readers not to be surprised if Mr. Beerbohm Tree should, for his next Shakspere venture, select "The Tempest." Whether Mr. Tree will then put up a bust of "The Bard" to take the author's "call," as he did on Thursday night in connection with "Richard the Second," remains to be seen.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY AS LILIAN LEIGH IN "THE SCHOOLGIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

London and the suburbs, his London (acting) address being, in all probability, Drury Lane.

"Letty," in "four acts and an epilogue," is promised for production at the Duke of York's next Monday week, the 28th inst.; that is, providing that the re-constructors and re-decorators can be finished in time. At present, this looks impossible to any mere layman in such matters. But in these affairs wonders can be achieved in a few days. In the meantime, I can assure you, from personal inspection, that the new decorations which Mr. Charles Frohman is having carried out at this theatre will be of a very charming character. I think that you will be especially taken with the devices exhibiting the White Rose of York.

Of the making of theatres—as of the making of books—there appears to be no end. At the moment of writing, tidings reach me of several new and beautiful theatres, both of the "regular" and of the variety kind. These include a large playhouse to be built in the best part of Shaftesbury Avenue, and a huge Hippodrome-like structure in Aldwych, close by those other impending new theatres—the New Gaiety, Mr. Murray Carson's melodrama theatre, to be called "The Playhouse," and Mr. E. G. Saunders' theatre, which has just been named after its projected and adjacent new hotel, namely, the Waldorf. All these new theatres, it may be mentioned, have been designed by Mr. W. G. R. Sprague.

Next Tuesday is the date at present selected by Mr. Arthur Bourchier for his production at the Garrick of Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play, which is still entitled "A Golden Silence." This somewhat delayed play, which is, I find, "shaping splendidly" (as actors say), will be powerfully cast. In addition to the ever-welcome Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier, the Company will include that powerful American actor Mr. Frank Mills, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Webb Darleigh, Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Nellie Bowman, and Miss Dorothy Grimston, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, whose "private-life" name is Hunter-Grimston.



MR. ERNEST STALLARD AS MARK TAPLEY IN "TOM PINCH," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

*Photograph by Merrison, Chicago.*



THE Hereford Festival has been, in one respect, a very great success; it has been a triumph for the Chorus. Although that Chorus has by no means been at its very best all through the week, it has in many respects shown itself to possess powers of musicianship very rarely found indeed in provincial musical gatherings. It is to be remembered also that this Chorus depends on no local contingent, as formerly was the case. No subsidies from Leeds or from Sheffield have come to interfere with the fair fame of the Western Counties. The singers were at their best on the Sunday and Tuesday; at their worst undoubtedly, though it certainly cannot be called a very bad worst, in Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which was given on Thursday morning.

Sir Hubert Parry's new Cantata—or rather, Motet—can only be accounted as a delightful gem, equal to the work of that composer in his most intense and kindled mood. It is a short selection from Isaiah, entitled "Voces Clamantium." The solo parts were entrusted to Madame Emily Squire and Mr. Plunket Greene. There is an unaccompanied chorus in strict counterpoint which has this marvellous character about it, that, not only is it admirable for its exquisite ingenuity, but it is also extremely beautiful. The final chorus is especially good, and brings to a nobly clamorous ending a work conceived in a high musical plane.

It has been said that the Chorus, so good in other things, was not up to the mark in "The Dream." Indeed, it is a most difficult and complex work to contend with. But I own that I did expect more from them. The "Demons' Chorus" had nothing of the devilry, the swing, the intensity, which one had found at Sheffield, at Düsseldorf, even at Birmingham; it seemed more like an attempt to fit cherubs' wings to Lucifer's chin than anything else in the world.

Mr. John Coates, in "Gerontius," as, indeed, throughout the Festival, did wonders. He is the best exponent of the part by far whom I know; his intelligence and his vocal power found right play and interplay throughout. Miss Muriel Foster has been in better form, but she is so genuine an artist that very much may be forgiven her. Perhaps the best-sung choruses were those assigned to the angels, the final scene being a great improvement upon the midway portion of the work. But, on the whole, "Gerontius" was not up to expectation—as some sapient observer in "Through the Looking-Glass" remarked, "Not nohow." It was a thousand pities, for, on this occasion alone, every seat in the Cathedral was filled.

Mr. Coleridge Taylor's new work, "The Atonement," scarcely reaches to the high level which he achieved in "Hiawatha." A sage critic was heard to wonder if, indeed, Mr. Taylor were a man of one work. It is conceived (so far as the idea is concerned) on the models chosen by Palestrina and Bach. But, whereas those two great composers went directly to Scripture for the sources of their inspiration, Mr. Coleridge Taylor used a peculiar metrical version of the Sacred Narrative which had been prepared by Miss Alice Parsons. It is, one may say it unhesitatingly, something of a torture to have to listen to words sacredly familiar turned into the most trifling of verse, as thus—

Could ye not watch one hour, Oh my beloved?  
Brave is the spirit, but the flesh how weak!  
Lost in temptation's path ye go astray,  
Watch, ever watch and pray.

It is no wonder that Mr. Taylor did not find it altogether easy to do himself justice; and he has not done so. It would be useless to pursue a critical discussion here, but the work is—save, of course, for some necessarily fine pages—on the whole, disappointing. Apropos, however, of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's work, it should really be mentioned that there is a love-duet for Pontius Pilate and his wife! There was the feminine element, if you like.

One new work, however, deserves very particular mention—Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Indian Rhapsody." Most unhesitatingly one has to describe it as a composition of infinite ingenuity. Choosing real Indian melodies for his basis, he elaborates them, plays with them, laughs with them, but never allows himself to be led away by an overweening desire for eccentricity. Eccentric on occasions he undoubtedly is; but his subject needs such out-of-the-way treatment. It was brilliantly played at Hereford.

Then, too, there was Philipp Wolfrum's "Christmas Mystery," a work which has been much applauded in Germany and which now put in an appearance. It— But that must be another story. For the present, it may be said that Hereford has done largely to this year's COMMON CHORD.



HERR KUBELIK AT CROMER: A SNAPSHOT OF THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST RETURNING TO HIS BATHING-MACHINE.

wonders in its being the means of adding largely to this year's COMMON CHORD.

## THE HALF-FAIRY.

There is a town called Calavin, and thence my mother came:  
I mind the yellow hair of her went lifting like a flame  
Upon the wind that reddened the whiteness of her skin  
With may-flowers blown against her from the thorns of Calavin.

I mind my mother laughing and singing to the rain,  
What time I learned to cut and turn the peat-sods with my slane.  
She died before a lock of grey came in her yellow hair,  
And they turned the sods above her—och, they hurt me unaware!

Alone I cut the peat now to feed the cabin-fires;  
Alone I carry home my load, past fern and foxglove-spires.  
There's ne'er a wind to move them, yet both of them begin  
To curtsey as I pass them on the road to Calavin.

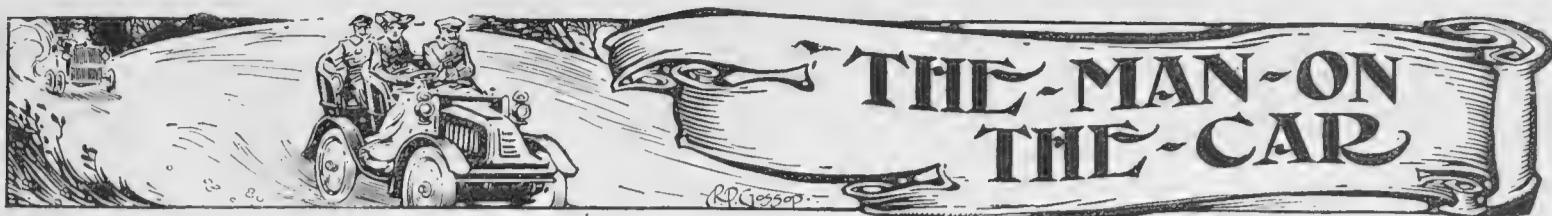
They know that they're my kinsfolk, that, ere my mother bore me  
Into this world of shade and shine where joy runs on before me,  
She met a fairy on the bog whose voice was like the cry  
The curlew makes at twilight to bring its nest-mate nigh.

And I was born, they tell me, at waning of the moon,  
And my wits dance like fairy feet to some wild fairy tune,  
When all the world is grieving; and when the world is gay,  
Och! I am sad for sorrow that ended yesterday.

But this one comfort have I, if half-wit I must be,  
Because my mother pleased the eyes of the un pitying Shee:  
The flowers and trees are kind to me, kinder than kinsmen are,  
And 'twixt the rowan and myself my fairy blood's no bar.

The daisies stoop to kiss my feet as if I were a king;  
The red fox does not snarl at me, the nettle has no sting;  
The foxglove bows her head to me as I go by to win  
My daily bread, peat-cutting in the bog of Calavin.

NORA CHESSON.



*The Thousand-Mile Trial—Glasses for Motorists—“Feeling for the Enemy”—The Motor Union.*

INTENDING automobilists, who cannot easily come at expert advice on the purchase of a self-propelled vehicle, should carefully note the forthcoming thousand-mile trial which begins on the 18th from the Crystal Palace. The competing vehicles, of which no less than a hundred and forty are entered, are divided into eight classes, according to price, so that the purse-depths of any man capable of expending sums from £120 upwards upon his new autocar will be accommodated. It is suggested in some quarters that these tests, as prepared by the Technical Secretary to the Automobile Club, are not such trials as automobiles are subject to in the ordinary course of daily driving, but, from actual observation of last year's runs, I am strongly of opinion that a car that comes successfully through such a trial is as near right as can be desired. The slow running, continuous braking, clutching and unclutching, throttling, &c., which are inseparable from driving to schedule in such crowded company, try and test a self-propelled vehicle much more severely than thousands of miles of straight-away driving, without the added stress of the four hill-climbs of Westerham, Handcross and Bury, and the Hindhead. I would recommend my readers to leave out of their consideration any cars that fail at either of these four hills. They should be negotiated by modern automobiles without difficulty.

A brief sketch of the routes to be followed by the entered vehicles on each day of the trial may be given, as likely to interest those of my readers who will care to watch the passing of the cars at any point. The first day's run (Friday, the 18th) is to Margate, via Foothills, Cray, Wrotham, Maidstone, Detling, Sittingbourne, and Canterbury, returning the same way. The next day the run will be to Eastbourne, via Farnborough, Tonbridge, Mayfield, and Hailsham, returning through East Hoathly, Maresfield, East Grinstead, Godstone, Purley, and Croydon, and including the Westerham Hill climb. On Monday Worthing will be visited, being reached by Carshalton, Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, Ockley, Billingshurst, and Arundel, the climb up Bury Hill forming part of the day's programme. The cars will return from Worthing by West Grinstead, Horsham, Crawley, Bear Green, and Dorking. Tuesday's trip will see the automobiles on the road to Folkestone, via Maidstone as before, and continuing through Lenham, Charing, Ashford, and Hythe. The fifth run, on Wednesday, will take the cars to Southsea, passing outwards by Carshalton, Ewell, Epsom, and Leatherhead, through Guildford, Godalming, up the Hindhead (the third hill-test), and returning by the same route. The sixth run is to Bexhill, out by Farnborough, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, Lamberhurst, and Robertsbridge, and back by Hailsham, Uckfield, and East Grinstead. The seventh run is to Winchester, via Guildford as above, and on through Farnham and Alton. The eighth trip is to Brighton, via Red Hill, Crawley, and Cuckfield, returning through Bolney and climbing Handcross homeward bound.

It is unfortunate that spectacle-makers do not appear to have given

the question of automobile-glasses all the attention it should have attracted. The lenses themselves should, for people of ordinary vision, afford no sort of distortion whatever. This is particularly important from a driver's point of view, who has frequently to steer to an inch or two. Again, the glasses should be framed in such a way that they set nicely and closely round the eye-cavity, and edged with velvet or chenille, so that draughts and dust are quite excluded. But the eye has absolute need of ventilation, and this should be provided by the insertion of very fine gauze above and below the lens. The wires which secure the glasses in their places should be adjusted so that they retain them easily and closely without pressure round the back of the ears. This may be but slightly felt at first; but, after an hour or two, the discomfort becomes unbearable, and the glasses are taken off, with bad results.

I would like to afford my readers a little tip which may not have occurred to many of them, and which, if they will follow, or oblige their mechanics to act upon, may save them much cost and many tyre troubles. Whenever the car is stopping, and the driver or mechanic has a minute or two to spare, it is always worth while to pass the naked hand round the circumference of the tyres, to detect the presence of any substance or article puncturing or about to puncture. Nails, bits of fencing-wire, slivers of flint which only require a few miles' running to be worked clean through the outer cover to the inner tube, with the usual disagreeable and irritating results, are frequently detected by this precaution, and the inevitable subsequent trouble avoided.

It is some time since I urged membership of the Motor Union upon all automobilists who were not already members of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and, in view of the praiseworthy manner in which this body is now waking up and girding its loins for the death-struggle ahead of it, I should like to return to the charge. The only possible manner in which we motorists can hope to fight the crass prejudice and ignorance shown by all non-motoring classes towards us is by unity of action and concentrated effort. The Motor Union offers this unity and concentration, and the stronger it is made by the adhesion of automobilists the harder will it be empowered to strike. It works at present under the auspices of the big Club, which gives it office-room and clerical aid, but it should shortly be able to run alone and become ten times more to the motorist as a protective association than the Cyclists' Touring Club or the National Cyclists' Union have ever been to cyclists.

The Motor Union is now appointing representatives and special correspondents all up and down the country, who will undertake the watching of motor interests in their special districts and be open to inquiry, &c. If any man has leisure and can, in addition to joining the Motor Union, offer his services in the capacity of correspondent or representative, he will be doing the Motoring State a service.



MISS VIDA WHITEMORE, THE YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE AVENUE IN THE AMERICAN MUSICAL COMEDY “DOLLY VARDEN.”

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

R. J. OSSOP

*Doncaster—The Cesarewitch—The Cambridgeshire—Jockeys.*

I CERTAINLY never remember having seen such a crowd at the St. Leger as was present on Rock Sand's day. His Majesty the King, looking all the better for his Continental trip, seemed to enjoy the scene, and it is not too much to say that fifty per cent. of the people present came to see the King. Of the race for the



THE DONCASTER MEETING: HIS MAJESTY IN THE ROYAL BOX.

St. Leger little need be said, as it was a truly tame, one-horse affair. Rock Sand had his field dead settled before half the distance had been covered, and he finished fresh as paint, the easiest of winners from William Rufus, who just did the King's colt, Mead, out of second place. It is a remarkable fact that Rock Sand has won all his races when Maher has been in the saddle, while when ridden by W. Lane last year he was beaten by Flotsam; and again, in the race for the Eclipse Stakes this year, when ridden by Martin, he finished third to Ard Patrick and Sceptre. But here he was taking on something palpably above his class, and the moral of it is that the three-year-olds of 1902 were streets in front of those of 1903. All the same, Sir James Miller owns a very useful colt.

A strong list of acceptances has been issued for the Cesarewitch, although it would be safe to assert that not more than fifty per cent. of the horses left in could cover the distance of the race with any chance of success. Rightful, who

ran third for the race last year, stands his ground, and he has not been overburdened with 6 st. 12 lb. The horse is owned by that popular racegoer, Mr. Tom Corns, who is said to have made a big fortune when Don Juan won the Cesarewitch for his father-in-law, Mr. Lambert. Of Captain Beatty's lot, Zinfandel is supposed to be one of the best three-year-olds in training. He is set to carry 8 st. 4 lb., which is, by-the-bye, 6 lb. less than St. Gatien carried in 1884. If started, I think Zinfandel would go very close, but St. Maclou or Imperious could represent the stable. Blackwell has Rondeau in the race, with 7 st. 9 lb., and this colt is very likely to get placed. Such as Firmilian, Grey Tick, Lady Drake, and Lord Rossmore would not want for backing if they went to the post, and I am told that the Newmarket people think that Mr. J. Hammond, who owned St. Gatien, has a good chance of winning this year's race with Burses, four-year-old, 6 st. 12 lb. This horse has been freely entered of late, but has not run. Unfortunately, he is bad at the gate, and a boy may not be able to get him off.

Of the hundred and seventeen entries for the Cambridgeshire only thirty-two declared forfeit, which must be very gratifying to the Triumvirate of Handicappers. As I have many times before stated, the Cambridgeshire is and has for long been the most popular Handicap of the whole year. There are such a number of good milers in training that a big field can always be expected, and owners do not hesitate to gamble over this race even in the presence of a screaming-hot favourite. I am told—and I give the information for what it is worth—that Mr. R. Sievier is bound to win this race by the aid of Lavengro, four-year-old, 7 st. 2 lb. According to rumour, this horse was not far removed from Sceptre as a two-year-old, but he went off colour, and has given his owner-trainer a lot of trouble. Now, however, Lavengro is straight again, and the fact of his having finished sixth for the Stewards' Cup when nothing like fit must convince students of form of his big chance here. Of the others engaged in the race, I like Glass Jug (winner of the Wokingham), Pharisée, Ypsilanti (the Jubilee Stakes winner), and Hackler's Pride, who has not yet shown his correct form this season.

Sir Thomas Dewar once summed up the racing situation somewhat after this fashion: the jockey first, the trainer second, the public third, and the owner a very bad fourth. I really do think Sir Thomas knew something. Often and often of late have owners become disgusted with racing, not because their horses lost, but because they won when, on the book, they had little or no chance of winning. Some years ago, the Jockey Club made an example of a few jockeys, and I think the time has arrived to repeat the dose. True, we have rid the Turf of many of the foul riders who used to prevent others from winning—looked after the favourite, as a matter of fact—but there is plenty of questionable riding going on at the present time. This, by-the-bye, could not be seen from the top of the Judge's box. Stewards should make little excursions down the course, and on occasion watch the starts for some of the races. Indeed, if I had my way, there should always be a Starting Steward to do the looking-on business. We should then get fairer riding.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE DONCASTER MEETING: ROCK SAND WINNING THE ST. LEGER, WILLIAM RUFUS SECOND, AND THE KING'S HORSE, MEAD, THIRD.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE melancholy inevitableness of autumn presses itself more and more on one's reluctant consciousness in the country now day by day. Morning's still "at seven," indeed; but the soft airs of summer are replaced by needle-like prods of sharp air when one gets out of a sunny corner. Wraith-like mists float over the early fields, and a stillness that has no part in joyous summer mornings is heavily present. The swallow has gone, the slim, perky white-throat, the gay, ruddy-breasted whinchat is preparing to follow, and over the stubble-fields comes the wailing autumn-note of the plaintive plover. Still, the flowers are glorious; there is no doubt of that. This is the time when herbaceous borders flaunt in scarlet, gold, and purple, and even in the hedgerows late-come friends like the violet-blue of the squill, old man's beard, grey, white, and ragged, or the soft amber of the saffron crocus remind us that decay and death are still hidden behind the greenery for a good two months.

In the towns, shop-windows chiefly ring the seasons' changes; gauze and gossamer, which have persistently appeared (with but little usage, alack!), give place to the ruddy russet tweeds, the shiny-faced cloths of red, warm-blue, or tan. Furs make a tentative *entrée*: sable, mole-skin, ermine, seal, and all the pelts of precious value which the soul of woman coveteth. How glad should the long-waisted woman be that, amongst the innovations, frock-coated tailor-frocks are once again to the fore! No more becoming garment ever covered a neat figure, and, with the newest walking-skirts, which are slightly stiffened to flow out at the sides and back, a very *chic* and suitable outdoor effect is at once obtained. Talking of stiffened skirts, the usual Silly Season sensations are now being supplemented by the minor *canard* of a threatened revival in crinolines. It is quite true that a few *mannequins* from two or three Paris houses were sent to Trouville, Ostend, and some other autumn haunts of the *Monde*, for the express exploitation of a mild form of crinoline; but the notion has not caught on, never will catch on, and the nearest return to its ungainly circumferences will be noticed in the stiff under-petticoat, and, in a lesser degree, in the dress which inevitably follows the revival of short skirts,

inasmuch as they have the undesirable tendency to cling about the ankles when unsupported artificially.

Feather-hats seem predominant favourites for useful wear amongst the vagaries of autumn millinery, and very smart some versions are; but I confess to being tired of the inevitable flat-crowned variety with its eternal wreath of florid bullfinches. A friend of mine has pursued this identical hat through at least five-and-twenty shops, and was

variously asked five-and-twenty shillings, or thirty, or twenty-two-and-six, according to the status and street of the "establishment" in which it was exhibited. So popular has the bulrush become that the dressmakers speak of certain shades as "bulrush-brown," and others as "mushroom-brown," these latter having the pinkish tone of that succulent growth when freshly gathered. Another new shade is known as "moleskin-brown," closely resembling in its sooty tone the fur of that now fashionable beastie. In the wearing of furs, we are promised a much greater discretion this winter than heretofore, for, instead of putting brown, grey, white, or black furs over any or every colour, from red to purple, as we were wont to do, this season's novel materials have been dyed in special relation to the furs with which they will be worn, and it will be found by those, moreover, who have not tried it that an infinitely enhanced effect can be gained by such judicious uniformity of colour and diversity of material.

The smart staging and furnishings of "Billy's Little Love Affair" owe much to the decorative fancy of Messrs. Oetzmann, in Hampstead Road.

The subject of furniture brings to mind a dainty little boudoir just completed by Hampton's, and sketchily reproduced on the next page, which shows the pleasant possibilities of the Adam style as applied to

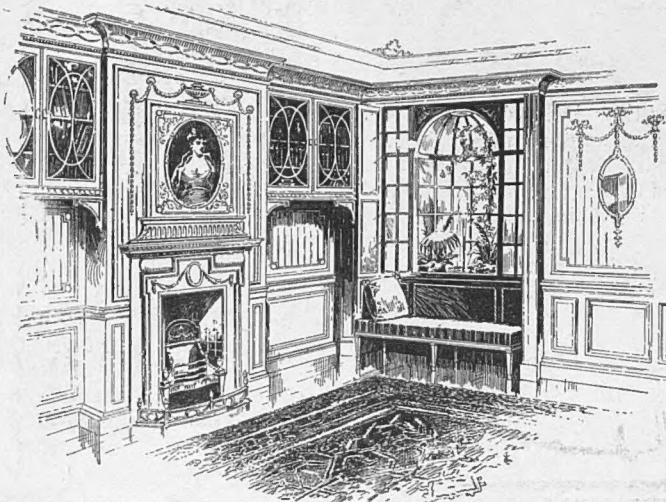


[Copyright.]

AN ELEGANT VISITING TOILETTE.

small rooms of the boudoir type. The walls are panelled out in rose-coloured silk or paper of a plain striped pattern, round and over which are mouldings and ornamentation, painted ivory-white, which show the delicacy and restraint in form which dwelt in the spirit of the once disregarded but now famous Adam brothers. Perhaps one of the finest examples of Adam work, by the way, is apparent in the house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, in

Bedford Square. There is not a line anywhere. It is a house of graceful curves from basement to attic, and the drawing-room



A DAINTY LITTLE BOUDOIR DESIGNED BY HAMPTON AND SONS.

ceiling, done by Angelica Kauffmann in her best manner, is a fitting accompaniment to the whole.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

COMME ÇA (Ostend).—(1) I am afraid you would find it dull. Our English watering-places are singularly deficient in evening amusements. The laws against gambling preclude anything like your "little horses," and the idea of a Casino without play of some kind does not seem feasible. (2) The long frock-coat is largely made by our tailors now. You cannot do better than have two or three English tailor-frocks. Redfern is, of course, one of our best men. You will find his place in Conduit and Bond Streets.

SYBIL.

#### THE COSTUMES IN "RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

**I**N Mr. Tree's production of "Richard II." the costumes are magnificent, even for His Majesty's. As the Queen, Miss Lily Brayton makes her first appearance in an exquisite dress of green silk adorned with fleurs-de-lys wrought in dull gold. The sleeves are tight-fitting and very long, and over all is a splendid Court-mantle of deep cream-coloured silk, also adorned with fleurs-de-lys of a larger pattern than those on the dress. The Queen's attendants wear gowns of pale-blue brocade, and wreaths of forget-me-nots rest effectively upon their fair hair. In a later scene, the Queen appears on horseback, attired in a brocaded robe, over which falls a mantle of bright-blue velvet lined with ermine. A heraldic touch is lent to this costume by the Royal Arms of England and France in crimson and gold blazonry. Very dainty is the white muslin frill edged with gold which escapes from under the Queen's crown. Yet another charming costume is worn by Miss Brayton during the scene in Windsor Castle. Here she is in white and silver brocade, and the inevitable long Court-mantle is of rose-coloured velvet, extremely light and delicate and edged with ermine. Very pale pink silk upon which gold fleurs-de-lys are delicately but faintly wrought gives place to this in a subsequent scene. Nor does this exhaust the list of costumes, for in the scene where the parting of the King and Queen is enacted Miss Brayton wears a soft, white woollen robe, over which falls a sombre mantle of purple velvet harmonising with the sadness of the moment. One of the King's most striking costumes is of rose-pink brocaded satin, on which appear the Royal monogram and crown curiously wrought in gold.

#### ON THE TABLE.

"The Kidnapping of Peter Cray," By Robert Leighton. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—A story of the South Seas.

"Some Fruits of Solitude," By William Penn. (Constable. 1s. 6d.)—This dainty little edition is printed in beautifully clear type and is most handy for the pocket. It contains an Introduction by Edmund Gosse.

"Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider, and the Other Beet," By Florence M. Cronise and Henry W. Ward. (Swan Sonnenschein. 5s.)—A collection of West African folk-tales.

"Ten Thousand Miles through India and Burma," By Cecil Headlam. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)—An account of the Oxford University Authentics' cricket-tour with Mr. K. J. Key in the year of the Coronation Durbar. Illustrated principally by photographs.

"Barbara Winslow, Rebel," By Beth Ellis. (Blackwood. 6s.)—An historical story treating of the days of Monmouth's rebellion.

"The Divine Arctino, and Other Plays," By Robert South. (Long. 7s. 6d.)—The book contains four plays altogether, the others being "The White Rose," "Savonarola," and "Sabado."

"Eileen," By Lucas Cleeve. (Long. 6s.)—A modern novel.

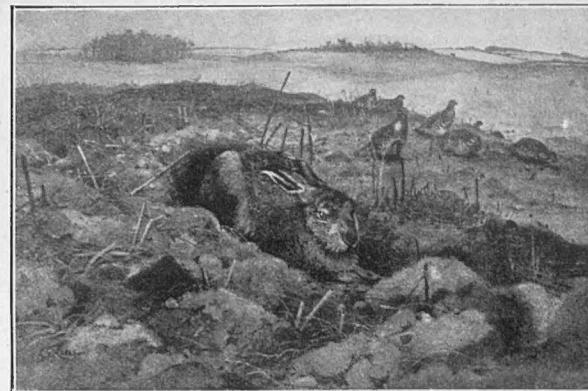
"A Man's Fear," By Hamilton Drummond. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)—To quote the author's words, the story is of a man and a woman—Furker, the Northman, and Malna, his wife; the time—before the day of the White Christ had dawned; the place—Heimsdal, between Smoelen and Ofoten.

"Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," Edited by Andrew Findlater, M.A., LL.D. (Chambers. 1s.)—Messrs. Chambers call this edition "The People's Edition." The print is good and the book is a very handy size.

"Bungay of Bandiloo," By Curtis Yorke. (Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.)—Described by the author as "an episode."

The photograph of a lady in evening-dress that appeared on page 252 of our issue for Sept. 2 was by Messrs. Reutlinger, Paris.

#### FINE-ART PLATES.



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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.*

## THIS NINETEEN-DAY ACCOUNT.

**A**LREADY we are being dolefully told that the present nineteen-day account is to be just as bad for business as Stock Exchange tradition says it always is. And, with all the goodwill in the world to make the best of things, we are rather afraid that our own prophecies would jump with those of the pessimists had we to lay down a forecast. The tumble in Consols is, to say the least of it, a disconcerting factor to markets, and, however natural or logical that fall may be, it, of course, acts as a damper upon the other departments of the House. Home Rails, for instance, can scarcely revive while the tone of the premier security is so very weak, and then there is, besides, the prospect of a further rise in the Bank Rate to take into consideration. The gaiety of the City has not been increased by the unseemly jangle at the Northern Blocks meeting, and for the time being there is little either of business or of frolic left around the Stock Exchange.

## CONSOLS IN THEIR COURSES.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing really extraordinary in the flatness of the Funds. A  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock, however great the security behind it, cannot hope to stand anywhere near par—as some people seem to think it should—in days of financial durance such as those which our own country has been experiencing from two years before the War drew to its end. Great Britain cannot go on piling up indebtedness, Imperial and municipal, with a merry irresponsibility without the inevitable result following, as surely as the night the day, and, what is more, it will make itself felt for longer than most of us care to think about. The stiffening Bank Rate is a transitory counter in the game, but one that contributes yet another depressing influence upon the price of Goschens. We should not be at all surprised to see Consols go to 85, and those who are tempted by the cheapness of the quotation may do well to wait a month or so before making their investment. At their current price, Consols yield about  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  on the money, and all indications point at present to the possible fresh fall that shall put them on a 3 per cent. level or thereabouts.

To do this would mean Consols falling to  $83\frac{1}{2}$ , which certainly looks a preposterously low level, but we stick to our suggestion that the price may see 85, and see it, too, before the present year is at an end.

## JAMES NELSON SHARES.

After lying low for many weeks, James Nelson shares have again come prominently to the fore, and in a way distinctly unpleasant to holders. It is easy enough to attribute the fall in the Ordinary to sales on behalf of those who fear that the fat years are over, the lean ones begun. To this unimaginative reason we may add the very practical one that insiders have been getting out of their shares, and the market is thereby on the point of alarm. There may be a hundred good reasons for such sales quite apart from that which presupposes lack of confidence in the Company, but there the fact remains. That the bumper dividends of the past two years can be maintained for long, nobody, perhaps, expected; the Company fell on peculiarly palmy days, and, to its credit be it said, made the utmost of them for the benefit of its proprietors. But that the interim dividend may be passed, as rumour runs, is disquieting enough without heavy sales to add a reflection of possibility. While we consider it inadvisable that Company directors should make it a rule to deny or confirm every idle report that is circulated regarding the property under their charge, in the present case a few official words would go far towards easing the nightcaps of the James Nelson shareholders.

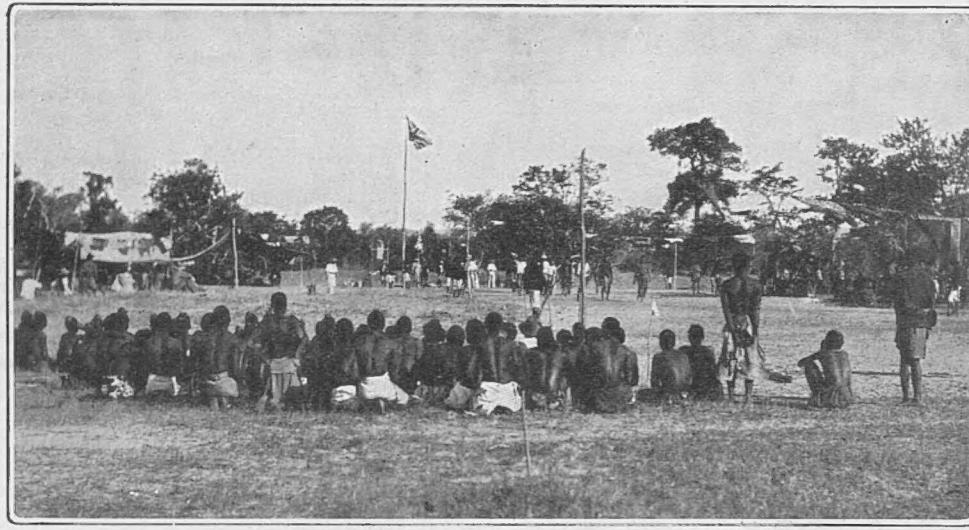
## SOME OTHER INDUSTRIALS.

Although there are not enough seats in the Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange to accommodate those who have no business for which to stand up to during the day, some few indications exist that the public is still watching other Industrial stocks and shares besides James Nelsons with a certain amount of interest, mostly, it must be added, of the academic description. One curious point which attracts attention is the way in which most of the recent speculative fancies have almost dropped out of the active list. For example, one

Miscellaneous Market favourite which has quite fallen into the background is Anglo-American Deferred; in fact, the telegraph section as a whole appears to be quite satisfied to relapse into inanition after its recent revival, although the Anglo-American varieties, at any rate, should have been considerably benefited by the traffic arising out of the Yacht Races. There is, however, prospect of fresh telegraph competition, and the knowledge of this naturally acts as a brake upon bullishness with regard to Anglo issues. Hudson's Bay shares are among the few which retain any noteworthy portion of public interest, and, in spite of the rumours in reference to trouble between the settlers and the Company, the shares have kept steadily good in sympathy with the stocks of the Grand Trunk Railway, and we adhere to our opinion that Bays will eventually reach something between 40 and 45. Amongst the lower-priced Industrials, the fluctuations in Sweetmeat Automatic shares are worthy of notice, and numbers of small purchases have been effected within the last week or so by those who showed their confidence in the shares by averaging at the depressed quotation, despite the falling-off in receipts. A somewhat similar course has been taken by proprietors of Vickers Ordinary, and although the heavy additions to the capital are not pleasant features at a time when the iron and steel trade have more than ordinarily heavy odds to fight, we do not think Vickers will be allowed to go much lower than they are at present.

## KAFFIRS IN QUIETUDE.

So many of the other departments of the Stock Exchange are quiet besides the Kaffir Circus that dealers in the latter have really no temptation to leave their accustomed kraals for livelier haunts. But, on balance, it may be wondered whether there is, whether there can be, any other section so hopelessly waterlogged for lack of business as the Kaffir Circus is now. Members have grown tired of capping each other's tales of how long it is since they did a bargain; even lamentation has its limits, and so has play. The very spirit of frolic seems to have disappeared, but a good deal of interest centres round the Stamford Bridge sports to be held next Saturday week, Sept. 26, to which sports a team of Stock Exchange pedestrians has been specially invited. But for this cause of diversion, the Kaffir Market would have almost nothing to talk about, for the misfortune



NATIVE SPORTS IN RHODESIA.

that has overtaken the New Heriot Mine appeals mainly to the somewhat narrow class which buys Kaffir shares for investment purposes. Of course, the Heriot slump is exerting a certain amount of sentimental effect upon the market at large; but, in all probability, bad news, say, from the East Rand would have had much further-reaching consequences. That there exists a fair-sized bear position in the most speculative varieties the past few settlements have abundantly proved, and, so far as the ultimate future of Kaffirs is concerned, this "short" account is as healthy a negative sign as could be wished. But the market pines for positive signs of buying-orders. Sales are not wanted, because they do nothing to make prices better for the enticement of the general public and consequent revival of trade. What the House demands are orders to purchase, and, in view of the still cloudy, uncertain aspect of the labour question, the public politely prefers to sit on the fence and await developments.

## RHODESIAN COPPER, COAL, AND GOLD.

Too much attention need not be paid to the claim for £250,000 preferred against the Chartered Company, although the issue of the suit will naturally be watched with considerable interest. The price of the shares would probably be quite as dull had the demand not been put forward; because all the Rhodesian properties are now captive to the wheel of the Kaffir Circus, and if South Africans advanced, Rhodesians would only be restrained by some very substantial hindrance indeed. But since Kaffirs remain under an opaque cloud, their brethren are doomed to similarly suffer, and the flatness has reduced a good many shares to the region of cheapness. Apart from the gold-mines being, perhaps, more popular with the speculating public, it may be suggested that at least some of the copper undertakings will outstrip them in the area of profits, and in the near future, too. A market tip is current which says Copper Trust should be bought. The full title of the concern is the Consolidated Africa Copper Trust, and the scope of the Company is

thereby better explained. The coal-mines of the Colony are also likely to attract public attention when the gold industry receives a fuller quota of labour. Wankie, where the principal coal-beds have been discovered, is now linked to part of Rhodesia by rail, and development is being actively pushed forward in the work of prospecting for the black diamonds in other parts of the country. Of the shares best-known in connection with the Rhodesian Market, we should say that Mashonaland Agencies will turn out well in days to come, while for Geelongs and Globe and Phoenix we have often expressed a predilection.

#### OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

Continuing our correspondent's letter from Broken Hill, we give the second part of the last communication received from him—

The Proprietary Mine is now an object-lesson to the mining world. The General Manager estimates (without going below the 800-foot level, and the mine has been proved to the 1100-foot) that the ore "in sight" is 4,250,000 tons. This is, roughly, about nine years' supply. The "salt-cake" (wet) process for treating zincs has, on a small scale, proved itself to the hilt, and a plant capable of treating 1000 tons per week is now being erected. Plans are in embryo for works to treat 15,000 tons (millions of tons of tailings are on hand awaiting treatment), but an action-at-law concerning an alleged infringement of patent has first to be decided. The slime-sintering works have led to the establishment of a small township a few miles out of Broken Hill, where the slimes are roasted in heaps preparatory to being trained to the smelters. At Port Pirie, where the smelting-works are, the Huntington-Heberlein process of roasting has resulted in a great saving of time and money. No steps have been taken yet to erect a Carmichael-Bradford desulphurising plant, partly owing to the prolonged illness of Mr. Carmichael. Directors and management are firm in their belief that the Proprietary is yet little more than an infant and that the day of big things is yet to come. Drought and famine and lead slumps are obstacles, but all obstacles may be removed in course of time.

The British, since re-starting after the slump, has been doing brave work. Last week, under frightful disadvantages, it treated 1508 tons of ore for 304 tons of concentrates. Crudes were worth 16·3 per cent. lead, 10·5 oz. silver, and 17·5 per cent. zinc. Underground the mine is a picture, strong bodies of ore being disclosed on Block 15 down to the 600-foot. Block 16 has, so far, proved no good, but much ground yet remains to be tested.

A new shaft is being sunk on the Central Mine, owned by the Sulphide Corporation. A sad creep occurred on this property last October, and a quantity of ground has been lost. Some of the workings, too, were made rather insecure, and the new shaft became a necessity. A start had been made to connect the workings with the Extended shaft, but after a deal of cross-cutting had been accomplished this was abandoned. Mine continues to look well below. A Mechernich magnetic separator has for a long time been doing excellent work on zincs. New machinery is contemplated, but the famine has caused a delay. Whether the Company will add to its Mechernich plant or adopt the "salt-cake" process is still undetermined.

The Consols Mine burst up rather suddenly, but the management received orders to explore an adjacent block, and, so far, results are manifestly good. It is too early yet to speak more than hopefully, but prospects certainly warrant the recent slight rise in scrip. The stuff being broken in exploration all carries silver and is expected to lead to something that will recall "other days." Mr. T. G. Sweet remains manager.

The South is a mine British investors should pay more attention to. It yields about 3000 tons of crudes per week, and is the only Broken Hill mine besides the Proprietary that throughout the slump has been able to pay regular dividends. It has immense bodies of sulphides disclosed, and is quickly working its way up to the position of one of the "very big" mines. On present indications, it will be in its prime when some of the other mines have lost their halo.

Block 10 performs steady work, mainly to fulfil contracts, but is marking time, to some extent, pending the completion of a new shaft and the erection of a new mill, both of which will be ready this year. Block 14 has long been silent; and the Junction, North, and Junction North, though all ready for instant resumption, are confining work to shaft-sinking, filling, and casual development. South Blocks, too, has not yet got beyond the development stage, while the White Leads and Victoria are both still carrying the shutters.

Everything now depends on the rain. If that falls soon, Broken Hill's immediate danger will be past. If it doesn't—well, the best of mines are of no use without water. And when we have the rain, we want, for the sake of the smaller mines, a steadier market for lead. The Proprietary can, as already shown, speak of profits with lead at £10 5s., and perhaps lower, but most of the others want it at about £12 to make work worth while. That is, by the way, with present wages. The Miners' Association recently asked for higher pay, and Broken Hill is now awaiting the decision of the Arbitration Court. The advance asked for will mean a difference of £60,000 per annum to the Proprietary Company, while it may put some of the other mines right out of court with lead under £12 10s. Still, great economies in mining and milling, leading to cheapness and improved recovery, have already been adopted, and the end in that direction is not yet. The water trouble is really Broken Hill's greatest bugbear.

Now that rain has recently fallen in Broken Hill, it may be hoped that the aspect of affairs on the field will appreciably brighten.

Saturday, Sept. 12, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.*

**A. Z.**—The Bradford Dyers is a good, sound concern, and you could always sell for the ordinary Stock Exchange Settlements—twice a month. As to selling without loss, that obviously depends upon the fluctuations in the price. We do not know the Brighton business—is it not a private concern?

**A TRUSTEE.**—We consider Capital and Counties Bank shares a good and safe investment, but there are not many trustees, *qua* trustees, who can buy them under the instrument defining their scope of investments.

**OBENI.**—Thank you for the papers you sent us. Our own idea is that you will be able to pick up the West Africans more cheaply later on.

**CASH.**—In our opinion you would be wise to sell the Kodak shares when the price is quoted ex-dividend.

**CHESS.**—For a reply by post, we charge, under our rules, five shillings. The Metropolitan stock you can buy with safety. It now stands about 8 points lower than it did when your brokers recommended it. As to the Mining list, thanks for your information about Salisburys. Your selection seems a good one, but we don't think much of 7, 8, and 9. Waihi shares are an excellent purchase.

## BABY SOAP—WARNING.

While Vinolia Coal Tar Soap is prescribed by doctors as the very best of the kind, all "coal tar" is too harsh and stimulating for a baby's sensitive skin; remember, Vinolia Baby Soap and Vinolia Toilet Soap are specially prepared for the nursery and the complexion.